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cummings

Vanity Fair

stories

and

Tulips & Chimneys

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This ebook was created by

Perry T Jennings

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note on the font and arrangement: A fixed-width font (Liberation Mono) was used in the text because a mono font is needed to preserve the unique indentation and spacing (or lack thereof) in ee cummings' poetry which he wrote on a typewriter. I was not able to preserve indentation in attempts to export to epub, but this is a well-known and notorious problem.

A MODERN GULLIVER EXPLORES THE MOVIES

A famous movie studio on Long Island is discovered by an intrepid traveller

By Sir Arthur Catchpole, Bart., D.C.L., K.C.B., R.S.V.P., etc.

Editor's Note: In this article, the elderly and intrepid British explorer (who recently received the Nobel Peace Prize for his elucidation of the little known man-eating inhabitants of the Andaman Islands) presents the world with his almost incredible meanderings among the hitherto undiscovered Gobos, or blood-drinking motion picture actors, scenic directors, camera men, forty year old ingenues, society "extra" ladies, and publicity artists at Astoria. To say that Vanity Fair is happy to be the vehicle of so significant a communication is to insult the intelligence of its readers – but let the aged Sir Arthur's story of the Gobos on Long Island speak for itself.

Faced by a truly momentous task (so momentous that instinctively, I hesitated to imagine that least of a thousand miracles which its accomplishment would entail for humanity in general and the world in particular) it was with a sense of responsibility well nigh crushing that, at approximately seven o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth of October, with a bag of peppermints in my left jacket pocket, I found myself one of the scrambling myriad who, for one reason or another, inhabited at that hour the irrevocable purlieus of the Grand Central Station.

Ordinarily I should have paused to contemplate a scene in which pity and terror strove for the mastery; now I found myself to be the frenzied protagonist, the fanatical traveller whose one and only aim was to locate, with the least possible delay, a not infrequently imaginary unit of conveyance. Having to the best of my ability explored passage after passage of the marble labyrinth (during which Odysseys I narrowly escaped having my shoes shined, buying a book, eating a dinner, and similar unforeseen perils) I succeeded, by appealing to a considerable number of persons of diverse sexes, in establishing beyond the shadow of a doubt the far from unimportant fact that the particular train whose presence I so ardently desired was to be boarded only upon a level differing from that on which I found myself at the moment. Further inquiries had scarcely revealed the fact that this level was directly attainable, at intervals of from one to three minutes, by means of a lift – when before me doors shot open, and I found myself confronted by two Negroes combining gigantic size with less than the ordinary quota of intelligence. Having (not without some trepidation) entered the machine, I was whisked downward to a substratum or sunken promenoir containing, to be sure, a train differing in no essential respect from the ordinary electrically operated conveyance, but which, to my great spiritual comfort, I ascertained to be marked "Astoria."

This circumstance, trivial in itself, considerably heartened me: so much so, indeed, that I immediately boarded the train; which thereupon to my no small satisfaction made off through a tunnel under the river, without other ill effects to myself and – if I may presume – the other occupants, than a slight discomfort to the eardrums coincident with the encountering of a sudden difference in air pressures not unnatural under the circumstances.

During this, the submarine, portion of the journey, I had ample time to pass in review the motives and methods of my truly astonishing expedition; such introspective tendencies as were natural to my personality being reinforced by the complete (except for an occasional cough or sneezing) absence of any factor of external interest. As the train rushed on through darkness I found myself little by little becoming hypnotized by the prospect of treading in person the soil of that fabulous corner of the world from which so many fantastic myths, so many gruesome

legends, have emanated, Astoria! – extraordinary principality, mysterious kingdom, unreal domain, inhabited by half-human, half-imaginary creatures! What by comparison was Africa or India or Egypt? What were the secrets of the pyramids, the mutterings of the fakirs, the darknesses of the Congo? Myself appeared to me as one who is both foolhardy and presumptuous: true, I had weathered inconceivable perils, I had wrestled barehanded with the pygmy hippopotamus and crossed the Amazon in a fig leaf – but what, after all, were these dangers, or a thousand times worse than they, compared with the vivid and perpendicular Unknown against which I was being hurled by an elemental force at a velocity truly merciless? My heart quailed. And then a realization of the dignity of my mission – a vision of the sublimity of endeavour – crossed my mind: instantly I was comforted, and murmuring, “Thy will is my law, Scientia!” I clenched the bag of pink peppermints.

At this very moment, with a slight jolt, we emerged into the light of day; and on every hand an (to say the least) awe-inspiring spectacle unfolded itself. What a scene! Before the beholder stretched, literally à perte de vue, an inimitable panorama of unparalleled desolation, consisting of acres upon hideous acres of dump heaps, some smoking, others smokeless, all cruelly illuminated by the clear air of morning. The tonality of the whole – a drab mixture of acid browns and constipated greys – was, to be sure, occasionally relieved by the inspired occurrence of some ordinarily humble fraction of objectivity; as when, for instance, a tin can, snaring the sun’s rays, tossed into the eye a jet of violet brightness. Occasionally, too, the olfactory contribution of a recently emptied refuse barrel, wafting through the open windows of the train, greeted the nostrils with a far from timid salutation.

But aside from such accidents, it is no exaggeration to say that {line drawing; scan0007} the fatality of disintegration was everywhere strictly observed. Be it understood that I am recounting a first impression, and that I am by temperament abnormally, even peculiarly, susceptible to Nature in her various moods and tenses, in which respect I differ radically from the vast majority of human beings – as is well illustrated by the present situation; a glance to left and right sufficing to persuade me that my fellow travellers were, to all intents and purposes, inured to the desolation of a scene which, so far as I could judge, presented no novel features to their possibly somewhat limited apparati of sense perception; whereas I must candidly admit that from the moment of their exit from terra firma my own eyes and nostrils were busy defending themselves against innumerable onslaughts of, to put it mildly, unwelcome phenomena. But what, after all, is ugliness? Probably not more than a few minutes later I found myself, if not positively enjoying, at least disinterestedly appraising, the extraordinary landscape which forms a stepping-stone from civilization to the awe-inspiring Gobo Land.

Presently the train stopped – not, however, before I had begun to experience a curious sensation in the top of my head. I felt for the peppermints: they were safe. What was this place? I promptly produced from my hat a number of large and inaccurate maps of the district and discovered, with great difficulty, that we had attained the little station of Bee-Bee-Ave. from which point my destination was only a few minutes distant.

Startled by this revelation, I had scarcely time to put away my maps and straighten my necktie when we were off with renewed vigour. In vain I tried to collect my senses, to form some definite plan of offense or defense – my wits had deserted me – I could concentrate upon nothing whatever; and, to my horror, found my own voice humming a popular catch, or ditty, of a distinctly (unless I greatly err) reprehensible nature, its title being “Red Hot Mamma” as I recall.

I rose from my seat just in time to receive the full shock of the train’s abrupt stopping, which error resulted in my nothing short of velocitous propulsion into the arms of an elderly female from whose embrace I extricated myself with a

difficulty which must have appeared remarkable but for the unassailable fact that, in the flurry of the moment, we had thrown – as it were – our arms around each other.

Just as I was making elaborate apologies for this acrobatic courtship, a door opportunely opened; whereupon I “saved myself” (to employ the French expression) and with such good effect that, a jiffy later, all of me was standing upon the station platform of Astoria, breathless, but intact even to the last peppermint.

A cursory inspection of my immediate environment having failed to display the presence of anyone whose appearance might encourage a stranger to demand the exact whereabouts of the Palace, I was on the point of giving way to despair, when – quite by accident – my eyes perceived, only a short distance away, a magnificent and colossal edifice surpassing in elaborate simplicity the temples of archaic Ethiopia.

Immediately I set out hotfoot over hill and dale, and very soon arrived without interference before a pair of stunning marble gates, behind which was seated a brilliantly uniformed doar-mahn, or bouncer, of whom I politely inquired – employing the dialect of the district with which eighteen years’ intensive study had made me slightly familiar – where I was. “Faymoo splay-hoor zlahskee” (you are at the King’s own house, stranger) the doar-mahn answered in a drawling, dangerous voice. Unabashed by the menacing tone of the answer, I stated that I desired to be conducted through the edifice, and mentioned by name a certain baron of whom I had been told that he stood very near his sovereign. Courteously but definitely I was assured that the great man was out; whereupon, without more ado, I handed the Cerberus a peppermint, which he immediately tasted, and which so far altered his opinion of myself as to cause him to press a button – at which, as if by magic, an office boy named Gee-hoar-j appeared.

A brief conversation between the doar-mahn and the office boy now took place: and at its conclusion the latter offered to show me around for two peppermints, which I immediately bestowed upon him. I then shook hands affectionately with the doar-mahn, and followed my enthusiastic guide down a corridor and into a garage, where he called in a loud voice for his car: a glistening, twelve-cylinder Minerva swept up, driven by an elaborately attired chauffeur, and I was ushered into the tonneau. As we sped away, cocktails were served by a Japanese butler, which occurrence considerably increased my already far from negligible bewilderment anent the economic structure of a society in which office boys own limousines; and it was with a positively foreconscious embarrassment that I managed to ask why an inspection of the palace should begin with an automobile ride. My host, without mincing matters, informed me that the enormous size of the royal house made any other procedure ridiculous, further explaining that for a pedestrian adequately to explore the intricacies of the king’s ménage would require a continuous promenade of from sixty to ninety days and nights, depending on the speed of the walker.

Inoculated by this statement with a dim realization of the vast scale on which everything in Astoria (including salaries) occurs, I glanced around me with a new interest, while the billionaire emptier of wastepaper baskets, Gee-hoar-j, pointed out – to left and right – various fleeting departments or offices of the palace. After a half-hour’s furious drive we slowed down and entered an elevator, which took us up several thousand feet or more (as I should guess) before we stopped rising. I now emerged from the car: my host followed. A door opened – revealing a huge plain, perhaps a hundred acres in area, which, I was informed, constituted only one of a number of “sets” connected with a romance then in the course of production.

For, incredible as it may appear, the king of the Gobos amuses himself by producing from time to time a sinn-ee-mah or picture game, in which all the inhabitants of

the royal mansion mingle their efforts, and whose occurrence frequently consumes as much as a whole month. I was in the midst of a thousand tumultuous doubts and fears when I became aware, for the first time, of figures moving (as if in obedience to a master will) hither and thither upon the surface of the plain. At this very instant an attendant came up and, bowing to the ground, displayed for my approval two pairs of diabolical-looking machines, very distantly resembling our roller skates. Gee-hoar-j explained that if I would be good enough to don one pair, he would do the same with the other, and we would examine together the spectacle then in the course of being created. Knowing no way of refusing, I permitted the attendant to secure my feet in the contrivances, and allowed him to place in my right hand a switch whereby the speed of the skates was regulated. Then, as he bowed once more, I gave him three peppermints, and he withdrew joyously. Gee-hoar-j started forward: I closed my switch and felt my feet moving away with my body – a sensation at first somewhat uncanny, but soon positively pleasant.

A few minutes sufficed to enable me to master the operation of my skates; I then followed my guide, and presently found myself approaching a group of actors, all moving by electricity like myself, who were in the midst of interpreting a love scene. Indeed, just as I arrived, the hero and heroine, skating from points several miles apart, met at gigantic velocity and – after promulgating several truly incredible acrobatic exercises – indulged in a kiss lasting, by my watch, just over eleven minutes: upon the conclusion of which highly mercurial act bells thundered, fish horns blew, cannon of large calibre were discharged, and a voice, speaking by radio, shouted above the din a statement which I may roughly translate, “Next scene the rustic swing, mother and child, make it snappy everybody” – whereupon there was a rushing sound, as stagehands, electricians, actors, and managers began simultaneously skating toward a corner of the plain some twenty-three miles distant.

Gee-hoar-j and I followed at top speed, and very soon sighted a forest five hundred feet high built entirely of cardboard, through which celluloid birds flew by electricity uttering phonograph records by famous artists. Having tipped a policeman four peppermints, I made bold to penetrate the wood, and presently came upon a swing, and in it seated a young child of perhaps three years, whose arms were around the neck of a maternal and extremely ill-looking woman. The same voice which I had previously remarked – and which (as Gee-hoar-j informed me in a whisper) belonged to the king of all Gobos – shouted “Kahm-air-ah” (begin) and a great many curiously complicated machines began turning as the infant drew down the woman’s ear and whispered something in it. This process was repeated until, in spite of myself, I grew abnormally desirous of knowing the content of the mysterious message – for a long time I restrained my curiosity; but in the end rashness conquered discretion: I gave a house detective five peppermints and, throwing away the empty bag, fell on my hands and knees, in which position I entered the underbrush at its densest point.

For several miles I crept along, making as little noise as possible, without other guidance than a pocket compass: eventually I began to see a dim light, which told me that my objective was near: finally, panting, exhausted, having completed a perfect circle forty-two and five-eighths miles in diameter, I arrived at a point directly beside the adult and unhealthy ear into which the mysterious message was about to be whispered by the flourishing and childish lips. At this very moment, the child and woman began to move: the former’s baby hand reached up (as if actuated by clock-work) and took hold of the latter’s grown-up auditory appendage, which (as previously described) it proceeded to draw downward until the sonal apparatus of the undernourished female was on a level with the oesophagus of the robust little one – until, in other words, the vocal region of the babe and the listening organ of the parent coincided.

Now was my moment! – breathless, perspiring, inchoate, I stretched every nerve: I

closed my eyes, opened my larynx, counted to one hundred and thirty-five (in seven languages), and – as in a dream – heard the tiny tot murmur:

“Do not spoil your eyes with crying, Mama. Daddy will perhaps tire of the lady and come home to you and I. And, if Providence is kind, it may bring you and he together again. See, Mother, there is light at the window. It is the dawn!”

WHEN CALVIN COOLIDGE LAUGHED

A true account of the world-shaking consequences of a hearty laugh

Calvin Coolidge laughed.

Instantly an immense crowd gathered. The news spread like wildfire. From a dozen leading dailies, reporters and cameramen came rushing to the scene pell-mell in high-powered aeroplanes. Hundreds of police reserves, responding without hesitation to a reiterated riot call, displayed with amazing promptness a quite unpredictable inability to control the ever-increasing multitude, but not before any number of unavoidable accidents had informally occurred. A war veteran with three wooden legs, for example, was trampled, and the non-artificial portions of his anatomy reduced to pulp. Two anarchists (of whom one was watering chrysanthemums at Salt Lake City, Utah, while the other was fast asleep in a delicatessen at the corner of Little B and 12½ Streets) were immediately arrested, lynched, and jailed, on the charge of habeas corpus with premeditated absence. At Lafayette Square, a small dog, stepped on, bit in the ankle a beautiful and high-strung woman who had for some time suffered from insomnia, and who – far too enraged to realize, except in a very general way, the source of the pain – vigorously struck a child of five, knocking its front teeth out. Another woman, profiting by the general excitement, fainted and with a hideous shriek fell through a plate glass window.

On the outskirts of the throng, several nonagenarian members of the Senate, both Republican and otherwise, succumbed to heart trouble with serious complications. A motorcycle ran over an idiot. A stone-deaf nightwatchman's left eye was extinguished by the point of a missing spectator's umbrella. Falling seven stories from a nearby office building, Congressman N. G. Knott of Tennessee (Dem.) landed in the midst of the crowd absolutely unhurt, killing eleven persons including the ambassador to Uruguay. At this truly unfortunate occurrence, one of the most promising businessmen of Keokuk, Iowa, Aloysius Q. Van Smith (a member of the Harvard, Yale, and Racquet Clubs) swallowed a cigar and died instantly. Fifty plainclothesmen and two policewomen with some difficulty transported the universally-lamented remains three and three-fourths miles to a waiting ambulance where they were given first aid, creating an almost unmentionable disturbance during which everybody took off everybody's hat and the Rev. Peter Scott Wilson, of the Eighteenth Anabaptist Church of Paragould, Ark., received internal injuries resulting in his becoming mentally unbalanced and attempting to undress on the spot.

Needless to say, the holy man was prevented by indignant bystanders from carrying out his ignominious intention, and fell insensible to the sidewalk.

Calm had scarcely been destroyed, when a lovesick sailor from the battleship Idaho was seized with delirium tremens. In still another part of the mob, a hydrant exploded without sufficient warning, causing no casualties and seriously damaging an almost priceless full-length portrait of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt kissing ex-Admiral Hashimura Togo on both cheeks by John Singer Sargent in the neighbouring

chapel of the Y.W.C.A. Olaf Yansen, Klansman and plumber, and a floorwalker, Abraham Goldstein, becoming mutually infuriated owing to some probably imaginary difference of opinion, resorted to a spontaneous display of physical culture, in the course of which the former (who, according to several witnesses, was getting the worst of it, in spite of his indubitably superior size) hit the latter with a brick and vanished. Mr. Goldstein is doing well.

While quietly playing with a box of safety matches which his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Fitzroy, of 99 Hundredth Street, Omaha, had given to their little son James Jr. to keep him quiet, the infant – in some unaccountable manner – set fire to forty-one persons, of whom nine and thirty were burned to ashes. A Chinese, Mi Wong, who exercises the profession of laundryman at 17 Sixteenth Street, and Signor Pedro Alhambra, a millionaire coffee planter, who also refused to be interviewed but is stopping at the New Willard, are the survivors. Havoc resulted when one of the better-liked members of the young married set (whose identity the authorities refuse to divulge) kissed Tony Crack, iceman extraordinary to the White House, on the spur of the moment, receiving concussion of the brain with two black eyes. In the front rank of onlookers, a daughter of the people became so excited by the Chief Executive's spectacular act, hereinbefore referred to, that before you could say Jack Robinson she presented the universe with twins.

But such trivial catastrophes were eclipsed by a disaster of really portentous significance. No sooner had Wall Street learned what Mr. Coolidge had done, than an unprecedented panic started, and Coca Cola tobogganed in eight minutes from nine hundred decimal point three to decimal point six zeros seven four five, wiping out at one fell swoop the solidly founded fortunes of no less than two thousand two hundred and two pillars of society, and exerting an overpowering influence for evil on wheat, and sugar, not to mention that ever-mobile commodity, castor oil, all three of which tumbled about in a truly frightful manner. At Detroit, Mich., the president of the India Rubber Trust Co., hatless and with his white hair streaming in the wind, tore out of the Soldiers and Sailors' Saving Bank at a snail's pace carrying in one hand a hat belonging to the president of the latter institution, James B. Sears, and in the other a telephone which the famous first had (in the frenzy of the moment) forgotten to replace on the distinguished second's desk.

A hook and ladder, driven by Augustus John (coloured) at an estimated speed of sixty-eight miles an hour, passed over the magnate longitudinally as he crossed Edsel Avenue and left a gently-expiring corpse whose last words – spoken into the (oddly enough) unbroken mouthpiece of the instrument, only to be overheard by P. Franklin Adams, a garbage man – were: "Let us then, if you please – "

So unnerved was the Jehu of the Henry Street Fire Station by this totally unexpected demise that, without pausing to consider the possible damage to life and limb involved in a purely arbitrary deviation from the none-too-ample thoroughfare, he declined the very next corner in favor of driving straight through the city's largest skyscraper, whose one hundred and thirteen stories – after tottering horribly for a minute and a half, during which negligible period several thousand suspicious characters left town – thundered earthward with the velocity of light, exterminating every vestige of humanity and architecture within a radius of eighty leagues including one billion six hundred and forty nine million five hundred and thirty eight thousand two hundred and seven Ford sedans.

This paralysing cataclysm was immediately followed by a fire of stupendous proportions whose prodigiously enormous flames, greedily winding themselves around monuments, cyclone cellars, and certain other spontaneous civic structures, roasted by myriads the inhabitants thereof, while generating a heat so terrific as to evaporate everything evaporable within an area of fourteen thousand square miles not exclusive of the Missouri river – which, completely disappearing in fifteen seconds, revealed a gilt-edged submarine of the U-C type containing (among other

things) William Jennings Bryan, William J. Burns, William Wrigley Jr., Strangler Lewis, the Prince of Wales, Senator Richard O. Thimble of California, Babe Ruth, Major Arthur B. Good, Humphrey Ohm, emeritus professor of radio at Johns Hopkins University, Rear Admiral George Monk, K. C. B. etc., Nicholas Murray Butler, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, T. S. F., Harold Bell Wright, Clive Bell, the honorable Robert W. Chambers, the Amir and Amira of Afghanistan and their hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Packingbox of Philadelphia and Newport, Al Jolson, Luther Burbank, Ben Ali Hagin, Alfred Stieglitz, Howard Chandler Christy, Daniel Chester French, Paul Manship, George Gershwin, Houdini, Thomas A. Edison and Dr. Frank Crane, the last of whom (being only incompletely intoxicated) promptly shuffled off this mortal coil with the Star Spangled Banner upon his lips and was buried by six or seven stalwart bootleggers on the exact spot where he did not fall.

A moving picture of the preceding historical catastrophe was thereupon instigated by the usual genius of Mr. Griffith who, with unerring judgment if not tact, invoked Rudolph Valentino at a salary of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per week, less nineteen cents war tax, to impersonate simultaneously both George Arliss and Napoleon, whereas Lillian Gish played to imperfection the thankless part of the old mother who – after being bitten by sharks – kills the villain with a knitting needle on horseback and escapes out of the crater of Vesuvius in a brown paper bag, causing a strike among the white paper bag manufacturers, which spread all the way from Tuscaloosa to Yazoo.

Suddenly – unexpectedly – in the midst of all this infrahuman and ultranational pandemonium, compared with which such trivial incidents as solar eclipses, earthquakes, the battle of Aegospotami, Sheridan's ride, the fall of Babylon, the Declaration of Independence, and Pepys' Diary, were as an inelegant globule of H₂O beside the tempestuous entirety of the Dead Sea – in the centre of doom, debauchery, and dissolution – in the naked heart of tintinnabulous chaos – a miracle, a thing unknown, unanalysable, a phenomenon irremediably acatalectic, indubitably unbelievable, and totally indescribable, occurred.

Over the whole country there swept (as sometimes sweeps, o'er the sickbed of some poor delirious sufferer, a spontaneous sweetness – purging the spirit of its every anguish, uniting the multifarious moods and aspects of the human heart in a triumphant arch through which, with flags flying and bugles blowing, the glorious armies of the soul go marching as to war) – there thrilled – there burgeoned – a mysterious and invincible ululation of utter, absolute, unperforated silence.

So stunning, so irrevocable, was this silence, that the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, felt, and (each in his own peculiar and characteristic way) responded to, its thunderous intensity. The prairie dog of Kansas and the armadillo of Texas emerged from their burrows hand in hand, bent on satisfying at all costs an unquenchable curiosity as to its occult cause – united by a common inquisitiveness, the moose of Maine and the codfish of Massachusetts (abandoning simultaneously their respectively foliate and aqueous habitats) put their heads together, and listened – the versatile mockingbird of Kentucky started from his sleep and mingled his mellifluous paeans of inquiry with the more staccato queries of the cynical rose-breasted nuthatch – even the mayor of Kankakee, Ill., fired by an overwhelming curiosity, leaned out of a superb gothic aperture in the pre-Romanesque I.O.O.F. hall, dropping a half-smoked Chesterfield into the exact middle of a passing load of hay, with the remark: "Is cigarette taste changing?" – in short, all America, which (but a moment before) had been convulsed to its very roots by unparalleled spasms of massacre, machination, and mayhem, closed its weary eyes... and sank suddenly into a profound swoon of unadulterated ecstasy, a delicious coma of inexpressible bliss ... as through the entire nation, from sea to sea, completely surged that sublime and unmitigated titillation of telepathic tranquility, of rapturous reintegration, of perfect peace...

Calvin Coolidge had stopped laughing.

From Vanity Fair, April 1925.

AN EX-MULTIMILLIONAIRE'S RULES FOR SUCCESS IN LIFE

How a modern Midas sank, by his own efforts, to the lowest rung of the social ladder
By C. E. Niltse, Success Editor of Vanity Fair

One evening, ten years ago, while along the Bowery haggard-faced men were wandering by thousands toward their twenty-five cent beds, a high powered Rolls Royce slithered noiselessly from its glittering garage and tiptoed softly to the portals of a mansion situated in New York's ultrafashionable residential district. As the machine stopped, a gorgeously liveried footman leaned toward a similarly attired chauffeur: "What's on for tonight, Gaston?" he whispered. "Eat ease hease birt'-day," Gaston, the chauffeur, replied.

Scarcely had the words been pronounced when a lacquey in cloth-of-gold threw open the immense doors, from which an immaculately (albeit unostentatiously) apparelled individual gracefully emerged to view – descending with the elastic tread of youth a flight of marble steps; entered his perfectly appointed limousine – and, with a sheerest sigh of ennui, fled smoothly toward an exclusive haunt of pleasure.

That youth in that limousine was one of the outstanding social figures of the America of ten years ago: everywhere people on the street stopped to stare at him, very little children knew him by sight and greeted his appearance with an admiring "dah-dah," his life and wealth were on the front page of a thousand newspapers, wherever he moved men and women made way in awe, and a million voices whispered simultaneously, "It's Bugg!"

Small wonder!

In addition to a hundred million dollars which his dying father, Herman Bugg (internationally loved as the white vaseline king) had bequeathed to Charles, his only child, outright at the latter's birth, baby Bugg inherited from his mother (Emily Bugg, nee House)'s grandmother a series of railroads and steamship lines too numerous to mention, plus a controlling share in half a dozen of the largest corporations in the world, three of which his maternal uncle, the far-famed financier William Knutt House, had created in the late fifties for his own private emolument. Born into such truly unheard of luxury, it goes without saying that nothing was denied little Charles, until, at twenty-one, we see him perhaps the most brilliant figure in New York's most exclusive social set – a demigod: frank, charming, endowed with that natural and carefree buoyancy which only wealth and culture can bring, lapped in splendor and riches, encircled by influential friends, adored by beautiful women – the perfect apotheosis of gilded youth.

To ask of the ordinary person, who has suffered and struggled in terms of crude everyday reality, that she or he form a definite mental picture of the life of twenty-one year old Charles would be worse than ridiculous. And yet, a fleeting sensation of what it must feel like to be born and to grow up a Bugg, comes over all of us occasionally. I myself enjoyed such a feeling only the other afternoon, while more than doubtfully standing before one of those decayed, dismal, dilapidated, decrepit, ultra-squalid edifices known – by some bitter irony – as "hotels," with whose miserable exteriors and unhygienic interiors the word "Bowery" is inevitably associated. Again and again I had assured myself that this was the right address, a thousand times I had started to enter the reeling doorway, from

which a rickety flight of stairs lifted itself ... each time, the vision of a groomed youth gracefully descending a flight of marble steps had paralysed my every motion. Panting, awe-struck, I whispered: "It cannot be!"

A voice, spontaneous and shaggy, growled at my elbow: "Wot's de chances uv gettin' uh cup uv coffee?"

I turned abruptly – to find myself surrounded by "bums" of various kinds, but unanimous in considering my lack of uncouthness as a personal affront. Hastily choosing the lesser of two evils, I fled through the doorway and up the stairs, at the top of which I encountered a large, untidy, ill-smelling room filled with such a motley collection of vagrants, ragamuffins and down-and-outers as baffles all description. "Out of the frying pan into the fire!" flashed through my disordered mind; but since there was nothing for it now but to go through with the business, I made straight for the nearest group of loafers and, buttonholing what looked to be a peculiarly unpromising specimen of depravity, asked politely but firmly: "Can you tell me where I can find a Mr. Bugg?"

The person addressed – a true "hobo" if ever one existed, his costume being a threadbare stiff-bosomed shirt, plus one violet polka-dot suspender, plus unbelievably ancient misfit, ninety-ish pantaloons – regarded me with a look of infantile astonishment, which contrasted agreeably with the expression assumed by his associates' faces, viz. a solemnity suggestive of hibernating woodchucks.

"Charles A. Bugg," I expanded boldly.

My vis-à-vis reacted to the once compelling and still sumptuous cognomen by making a circular gesture in his ear. Thinking that this might be a purely personal method of indicating deafness, I proceeded more loudly: "I am the Success Editor of Vanity Fair," I explained in a shout. "The magazine wants me to interview Mr. Bugg. Do you know where I can find him?"

The unwashed visage of my silent interlocutor registered something like anguish as he murmured: "Come with me." Considerably puzzled, I followed him into a little alcove which, with great difficulty, contained an ancient bed, a broken chair, and a twisted washstand. "Sit," my guide directed in a gentle but resonant voice. I did so, cautiously, on the bed. "I," he stated, appropriating the chair, "am that man."

Stupefaction seized me – could this – this mere tramp – shoeless – unshaven – filthy – illclad – ever have been the elegant creature who sank back nightly amid the scented pillows of New York's most exclusive resorts? Was this spectre, seated before me, in reality Charles A. Bugg Himself? Might such a thing be possible in this era of miracles? – Almost fainting, I produced a package of cheap cigarettes and offered them to him.

"I'll tell you how it all happened," he unconcernedly murmured, extracting a cigarette with great eagerness and immediately striking a match on the hornlike sole of one bare foot.

"Thank you," I managed to articulate, as my cigarette was lighted.

"Father," he continued, lighting his own and tossing away the match, "was no bally nitwit – and mother," he paused then spoke proudly, "mother was a House." I bowed. "I had everything," he resumed, "wealth, power, riches, influence. I looked like Lawford Davidson, the screen star. And yet," he paused, "somehow I felt something was wrong somewhere." This penetrating analysis was followed by the modest statement: "I only guessed dimly, at first." He puffed speculatively. "Then one night – morning, rather – when a party of us were celebrating my birthday in Jack's Underground Attic, it came to me like a thunderbolt: I knew, for the first time,

what was wrong." He regarded me sternly. "As you will never guess, I shall tell you."

His eyes – small, acute, dark – hypnotized the very core of my being.

"I was unhappy," he stated, scratching himself.

"Unhappy," I breathed.

"There was only one thing to do that night, and I did it. I got up from the table in the middle of the festivities and walked home without paying the check. It was the turning point in my life. I resolved from that moment on, whatever sacrifices it might involve, that I would BE MYSELF.

"Early next morning, I sold my two yachts and three of my railroads, and, with the proceeds, started a company in Rhode Island to exploit the dried pansy industry. Do you read Henley?"

"Invictus?" I hazarded.

"Correct," he beamed. "And Edna Millay? You are familiar with her Renaissance? Excellent. Where were we?"

"Among the pansies – "

"Of course. The company, after a highly dramatic career of some weeks, failed for ninety millions. Never, never can I begin to tell you, or anyone else, what that failure meant to me! It was as if my spirit had been reborn: as if new and wider vistas were opening on every hand.

"After that first, unforgettable disaster, you may believe that failure followed failure in rapid succession. Meanwhile, my relatives were either committing suicide or suing to have me committed to an institution. At all the best clubs on Fifth Avenue – the Union, the Knickerbocker – I was refused admittance by my fellow members – my main office included a group of specially trained private secretaries, not a few of whom became afflicted with dementia praecox while attempting to answer a daily average of slightly over three hundred telegrams, letters and postcards, from every nook and cranny of the civilized globe imploring, pleading, begging me to return to my senses.

"It is no small thing to feel that you are fighting a lonely fight against stupendous odds – but to know that you are going to win that fight, no matter what happens or who loses, is a wonderful thing. It makes you stand up straighter and look every man woman and child in the eye. It gives you an honest feeling in your heart, that makes troubles turn tail.

"I kept right on, in spite of everything, failing and failing; until one day I found I had nothing left but my biggest steamship line. The end of my endeavours, the goal of my ambitions, was in sight! Almost delirious with joy, I pawned the company, and, with the cash, established a full-fledged group of model factories, in Arkansas, capable of turning out five hundred and thirty million ping-pong balls per day – I need scarcely tell you that there proved to be no market for my product. Imagine (if you can) my ecstasy, when, shortly afterwards, the business exploded to the tune of one hundred and fifty millions, leaving me (at last!) a free man – .'

As I regarded this face, the nameless beggar, the bleary nondescript, whom a few moments before I had accosted, faded gradually from my mind – before me I beheld, poised with easy grace upon the ruined chair, a figure in the full heyday of

disaster, whose firm simplicity and quiet dignity proclaimed to all the world Hamlet's apostrophe to Horatio: "This was a man!" I stared, fascinated.

Then, restraining with difficulty a wild impulse to fall on my knees, I produced a package of slightly more costly cigarettes, and, trembling, handed it to him without a word. As his fingers closed upon my gift, he smiled: a little child's smile. His eyes lowered themselves slowly. Down the grimy cheek a tear of pleasure stole from beneath a tired eyelid. "Thank you," he whispered.

We cleared our throats together. "That isn't all," he explained, taking a half smoked cigarette from behind his ear, and lighting it again. "I was a free man – yes: a happy man – but still I was not perfectly happy," he went on. "Not until something, as beautiful as it was unexpected, occurred..." and his virile visage emitted a mysterious smile.

Conscious of the pounding of my heart: "May I ask," I ventured, timidly, "who...?"

The smile narrowed to a threadlike line. "A woman," he murmured, leaning toward me. "She was all the world to me ... we believed entirely in each ... two hearts which beat as ... ah, the bliss!... and then, one night – as I was leaving her apartment – her maid handed me a derby which didn't fit me in the least.

There was a pause. I did not breathe.

"After that," he murmured, "my illusions shattered, my faith in women annihilated, I became a bum..." He straightened, proudly. "I'm just thirty-one," he vouchsafed modestly. "At twenty-one I started out to live my own life, to be true to myself: I am now thirty-one: one from one leaves nothing, two from three leaves one. Ten. Is that correct?"

I nodded, spellbound. The flexibility of his intellect was baffling.

"That makes ten years in which I struggled, through thin and thick, with but a single end in view: TO BECOME A SELF-MADE MAN." He smiled, quietly. "And I have achieved that end."

Quite overcome by this burst of frankness, I rose to go: but he detained me with a glance. "The readers," he said, huskily, "of your magazine – I want you to tell them how I did it."

"If you will be so kind – " I stammered, blushing.

"The secret of my failure is contained in three precepts."

"Three little precepts," he crooned. "The first is nothing more nor less than a very practical bit of advice – Never hit a woman with a child: always use something else. The second has proved helpful to all sorts of people – In case of fire, lie down: do not walk to the nearest, if any, exit. The third really sums up, in a few words, all that the poets, philosophers, and teachers have tried, since the beginning of time, to tell us – " he paused: then in a deep, rich, velvet whisper, distinct with passion, he spoke: "Any man who will be unkind to his mother, a horse will bite."

Speechless with emotion, dizzy with a realization of the man's invincible sincerity and unimpeachable happiness, I gropingly put out my hand – and found Bugg's.

From Vanity Fair, March 1925.

WILLIAM ADAMS-WIGGLEY: GENIUS AND CHRISTIAN

Minutes of a speech delivered on the birthday of America's great gum magnate.

Reported by C. E. Niltse, S.P.C.V. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vegetables.)

Editor's Note: The following are the remarks of the Honorable Humphrey Halitosis, director of the Department of Domestic Propaganda of the Adams-Wiggley Gum Society Inc., at a grand banquet tendered Mr. Adams-Wiggley in honor of his thirty-sixth birthday, by the Y.M.C.A. and the S.P.C.V., under the distinguished auspices of the Harvard Business School; from which festive, albeit sober, gathering the guest of honor was (unhappily) absent, rumor having it that he had embarked for Paris with the preconceived idea of espousing Mrs. William Adams-Wiggley number nine.

Gentlemen: I stand before you tonight endowed with the proudest mission which I dare say it has been the lot of a human mind to accomplish, a mission so deep, so spiritual, and so real, that the soul trembles at its very proximity. I am here to express my appreciation of beauty, of genius, of benevolence, of philanthropy, of Christianity, of every awe-inspiring and uplifting element which can be found in the character of man; and the personage who embodies these singular and lofty traits, and who is the subject of my little discourse to you folks, is no other than he whose name has become a symbol for clean living and high thinking wherever hearts beat, a byword fondly quoted by billions upon billions of grateful mouths in every country of the world at this moment. I refer to that almost divine benefactor of the human race, whose masterful invention may aptly be called the mainspring of mastication and the father of reflection: William Adams-Wiggley.

I don't need to tell you folks who Adams-Wiggley is. I see by your faces that you're all of you intelligent people who can read and write and do addition and subtraction, and that's the kind of audience that puts William Adams-Wiggley's name in the same pigeonhole with names like Julius Caesar, Abraham Lincoln, Alexander the Great and all the big heroes and great statesmen and mighty generals and illustrious presidents who have ever lived. As I look at you, I see something else: I see your mouths move, your jaws move, your faces move, your ears move, your souls move, rhythmically, musically in tune with the universe, in time to the music of the spheres – and I know who is responsible for that. No, gents, I'm not here to try to describe a superman whom you all of you, consciously or unconsciously, worship: I'm here to give you my idea of that man (if he be a mere man) and I want you to excuse me at the outset for whatever injustice the limitations of my intellect may do the magnificent quality of his rare and indefinable spirit.

In the first place, I want to disillusion you about one thing. I want to tell you, in plain simple language so you'll all of you understand it, that I myself am nothing but a man like any of the rest of you. If I was selected for this task it was not for any qualities of eloquence and intelligence which I might have, but rather because for thirteen years I have lived and moved and had my being in the colossal shadow of the gigantic personality above referred to. Or, to put it differently, I was raised with William Adams-Wiggley, I went to school with him, I grew up with him, I loved him, and I admired him. He was a shy lad when I knew him

first – a blond-haired blue-eyed little chap with a dreamy look hovering about his oval face; but under that dreamy look there dwelt an energy, a determination, a sticktoitiveness, which made me feel (even in those early days) that the world would hear from him some day. We were always inseparable: if one did something, the other had to do it. I remember very well when he was taken with mumps and I came down with jaundice the next afternoon – in fact, no closer bond probably ever existed between two spirits than between his and mine, which is why I am here tonight to tell all I know about the man.

William was born in my home town, Mobile, Alabama, at five o'clock in the morning of Irish-German parents, on March seventeenth, eighteen-eighty-eight, making him thirty-six years of age. His father, Mike Wiggley, was the village blacksmith, exactly as he is described in Longfellow's famous poem except he was a consumptive. His mother, Gretchen Adams, was descended from a very old royal family which had a coat of arms. A remarkable woman in every way, she bore twenty-three children in twenty-four years, of which William was number twenty-three and the most intelligent. Being, from his birth, a delicate and sickly child, he distinguished himself by winning a spelling match at the tender age of four and three quarters: in short, he was precocious, so precocious that when I first knew him he used to do the lessons for his brothers and sisters, six of whom died, while one went insane.

The feverish atmosphere of this high-strung and numerous family, combined with the humbleness of his surroundings, could not but cause agony to so sensitive a child. Accordingly, William left home on his sixth birthday never to return, and came to New York after riding the bumpers for eleven days and twelve nights, where he soon made enough money selling newspapers to enable him to start a mining concern, which, however, failed, bankrupting all concerned. Shortly after, penniless, at the age of ten, he wired me to join him in the big city, which I did; and we hunted around for some way of clearing expenses. William was at this time living in a tiny little ramshackle hall bedroom on the Bowery, which I shall never forget, with next to no furniture but a broken bed, and an enlarged photograph of his mother on the wall, to whom he sent two dollars twice a week with a regularity that was positively touching.

We used to eat in Chop Suey joints together, and talk over prospects. One evening (it was ten below zero outside and somewhat colder within) William leaned over the tumble-down table and his face lit up like it was electrified as he cracked me on the back, crying: "Eureka!" I didn't know what that meant, but, as I started picking the wooden dishes off the concrete floor whither his excitement had sent them, something about his wonderful blue eyes and his lively bright smile told me that he'd had an idea. And a few seconds later, after he'd whispered a few words in my ear, I knew that the world was his.

That's how the marvellous and truly wonderful product which we all know today – the industry that ranks second to none throughout the length and breadth of this fair land of ours – had its birth: as we two lingered over a half portion of chow mein and two portions of an Egyptian Deity cigarette which a bum gave us and I broke in two, giving William the longer half as I always did, for I was very fond of him. Today I am well-off and have my own limousine and eat the best of food, while he is a millionaire with a country house at Piping Rock where he entertains such noted celebrities as Gabriele D'Annunzio, Ben Ami, King Albert of Belgium, Lady Duff Gordon, and others too numerous to name. And that, gentlemen, is a romance of American business life which I will now leave in order to consider, in greater detail, the genesis of the actual invention itself.

When I questioned William as to how he came to have the idea which revolutionized contemporary manners, he explained to me, with characteristic frankness, that he had been daydreaming. For no apparent reason, he had had a kind of vision of himself standing at an open window and looking into his empty hand. As he looked,

he saw something: rubber. You could do that. I could. Anybody could. But that isn't all – no. William was a dreamer, but he was also a genius. A dreamer is somebody who goes to sleep, while a genius is somebody who notices what you and I can't see. William Adams-Wiggley's eye observed; and his whole frame trembled, his face contracted, his jaw dropped, for he had noticed an invisible something else: rubber was lonely.

What is a man without a woman? Nothing. What is a bowstring without an arrow, a ship without a rudder? Worse than nothing. Vegetables are just the same. They are like anything else; like us. Rubber was lonely and rubber wept: rubber cried out in its loneliness, and William Adams-Wiggley, bending his pitying head, and applying his incredibly keen and miraculously sympathetic left ear to the unhappy substance which cowered in his benevolent palm, heard that cry. Still he did not quite understand. "What do you wish?" he breathed softly. And a small voice answered with the almost unheard-of monosyllable – "mint."

Right here I should like to utter a well-intended and not unnecessary warning. It seems very simple and obvious, now, to regard mint in its true light as a glorious and salutary and disease-annihilating and health-inspiring plant: an unbelievable cure-all which mother Nature has thrown into our ungrateful laps, making it possible for our otherwise overworked and nervously exhausted organisms to breathe and live. But let us, after all, not avoid the truth; for the truth is always more beautiful than any substitute, however graciously and intricately concocted for our easy and insipid delectation. Let us never forget to remember that it was a man like you and me, folks, only somehow different – somehow strong where we are weak, courageous where we are cowardly, inspired where we are uninspired, prophetic where we are dull – in short, a superman – who lifted mint for all time out of a shameful mire of injustice and obliquity into the perpetual radiance of everlasting renown. That man wears clothes like you and me, has his hobbies, loves his wife and children to distraction, takes a bath regularly, works, laughs, smiles, plays, weeps, like we do – but he is somehow a genius: and his name (which, like the affectionate components of his earth-shaking invention, boasts a proud plurality of parts) is William Adams-Wiggley.

I could go on about this intellectual giant all night, but circumstances over which I unhappily have no control prevent me. What is the use of mincing matters? None. To put it frankly and fearlessly: our time is short, gentlemen; so let us, without more ado, turn to rubber.

There has recently been circulated a vile and insidious rumour which is absolutely without foundation of any sort, to the effect that rubber is dangerous if completely swallowed. I want to squash that rumor now, if it's the last thing I do on earth; and I want to squash it dead. I want to brand it as an infamous, uncalled-for, irresponsible falsehood; a damnable, dirty, inexcusable, unjustified, cowardly, mean, sneaking, outrageous lie. It is NOT true that rubber is harmful to the human organism in any way, shape or manner. Not only is rubber not harmful, but rubber is positively and always beneficial and helpful to the organism. If we do not eat rubber instead of bread, if our systems do not crave rubber in place of cheese, if (at the present comparatively low stages of human evolution) rubber is not actually nourishing, you may be sure of one thing, which incidentally is an absolute fact: that it is the human body's fault; it is our fault, yours and mine, for which we should hide our heads in shame forever – but it is not rubber's.

Now that I have wiped that filthy lie out of existence, I will come back to my subject with renewed vigour. – Fired by the magnetic spark of his electric genius, William (in a kind of dream) took in his strong right hand a piece of rubber. And just what does that mean? What is rubber, gentlemen? Commercially, of course, rubber is important; it is even more than important: it is – thanks to the ingenuity of one man's brain – a mammoth industry. But I am not speaking

commercially. Because I am a businessman, the business point of view doesn't limit me. If I were a crack-brained Ph. D., with a warped mind chuck-full of rusty ideas and musty languages and dusty theories—if (to put it briefly) I were a doddering nitwit, an obsolete flapdoodle, or a denatured, book-bitten kewpie-above-the-ears—I would be so balled up in my own particular existence that I couldn't step outside my subject and touch the real, throbbing vital things of life. But I am no professor, gentlemen: far from it. Those things may worry some old dubs but not yours truly. The tragedies of Sophocles do not keep me awake. Dante may have invented Hell but he doesn't cut any ice with me, no sir. I am just a plain simple businessman, and therefore an unprejudiced man, a liberal man, a wide-awake, two-fisted, American go-getter of a human being who doesn't view the life of this day and time through the foggy spectacles of the misty past, and who doesn't go to a dinner party without his necktie, and who doesn't forget his wife's name when he wants to introduce her to a friend. That's the kind of a fellow I am. And being that kind of a fellow I face the music. With a supreme effort, summoning all my strength, spurning the purely commercial aspects of the topic, I look straight into its very essence with an unforgiving eye. Clenching my teeth, I say to myself: William Adams-Wiggley took a piece of rubber in his hand—and since we all know what Adams-Wiggley's hand really is, there remains for us (if we are conscientious, open-minded, out-spoken, free-thinking beings) only one course: and that course is, to ask ourselves – what is really rubber? There lies the question, the gauntlet, the challenge: rubber. What is it? You may seek to dodge, to prevaricate, to equivocate, to pick up your traps and slink out the back door, but you cannot, you shall not, evade me. I repeat, I reiterate, I place before you for the last time the burning question in its lowest terms: what is rubber?

Gentlemen, if we are sincere, if we are honest, and (above all) if we are Americans, there can be for us only one answer. Let us not, then, be afraid. Let us rather look the thing bravely in the face; let us stand firm; let us lift our heads high, and answer, in one unanimous and fearless voice which can be heard all over the entire civilized and uncivilized globe: "Rubber is almost nothing!" It is used upon our lowest extremities, the feet. It is associated with such disagreeable and abnormal phenomena as sleet, slush, and mudpuddles. In common parlance, "to rubber" is a term of frank opprobrium. As a material substance, rubber is humble, debased, downtrodden. And yet the seer, William Adams-Wiggley, in his vision took rubber.

When we have recovered from our astonishment at this colossal condescension, such as only a truly and really big and great man would have been capable of, let us endeavour to pursue the subject further, with a view to ultimately approaching that mysterious and enchanted island, that dazzling bourne, that Ultima Thule of all mortal observation – a Great Man's Soul. Let us curb our surprise, lest we miss yet larger surprises. Let us collect ourselves: let us ask, is that all? I answer, no. That is indeed not all. Rubber, that despised product, is far from all. William took in his right hand rubber, but in his left hand what did he take?

He took mint.

What, mint?

Yes, mere mint. Unbelievable, but true. And what is mint? An incomplete, partial, weakly thing – the final syllable of "peppermint." A fragile partner in that verbal marriage whereof "julep" is the better half. A vulgar mispronunciation of "meant." Look at it any way, from any angle, any side: the verdict is inescapable – mint is unquestionably and unutterably the mental and spiritual and moral and physical inferior even of rubber. If rubber were something, mint would be nothing; but since rubber is nothing, folks, mint does not exist: mint is less than nothing.

When William took rubber in his right hand – poor, humble, abused, foolish, worthless rubber – the vegetable kingdom swooned with a legitimate pleasure in all its infinitely variegated interstices. The skunk cabbage turned to the summer squash and whispered – what is this? The poison ivy vine forgot to poison. The heart of the lemon stood still. I am very sure all these things happened and many more. But when Adams-Wiggley extended his other, or left, hand – and (with a smile gracious and benign) picked between his merciful third finger and his gentle thumb a piece, a leaf, a fragment, of unutterable, common, merest mint – then, gentlemen, it is no exaggeration to say that there occurred an unforgettable moment in human history.

I will leave you with that idea. Since words are, at best, futile things, I will not try to describe the indescribable. But I cannot refrain from mentioning one more point, in connection with the lovely marriage of mint and of rubber: I must needs call to your attention the final dilemma with which William was confronted, and how he found the way out as no one else could have found it. After the process of rubberizing mint and minting rubber had been carefully perfected, Adams-Wiggley gazed with a proud eye upon the product of this unique combination, and pondered the question of a name for his wondrous invention. Well, what did he do? Did he brand it with a complicated, sophisticated, unpronounceable title, like the Greek and Latin teachers do their stick-in-the-mud treatises? Did he endow it with a jaw-breaking appellation, a big word, which nobody but three men in all God's creation could understand? Not he! He wasn't that small. He knew humanity, and he loved it, just as he knew nature and loved her. He wanted to find a name which everybody – no matter what language they spoke, what creed they subscribed to, how much their income was – could understand and speak: and, above all, he wanted to be downright fair. Rubber and mint had appeared to him in a vision, robbing him of his deepest gloom. He was grateful, and he was a gentleman. He wanted to be perfectly fair and square with rubber and with mint. He wanted to represent them equally, and not to slight either of them. You and I would not have thought of so delicate a point, but he did. In his heart of hearts, pulsing with a love for all created and uncreated things alike, there gushed that sublime and almost unattainable ambition. I say "almost," since for genius nothing is unattainable. Genius can walk erect where lesser minds crawl on all fours, and fly where others limp. The works of Harold Bell Wright, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Elbert Hubbard, are a proof; but William Adams-Wiggley is the greatest proof of all. For, after infinite researches, involving the best power of his accumulated mind, upon the practically insurmountable problem – in a lightning flash of blinding intuition he discovered the solution of the supposedly impregnable difficulty, the just and equal way out of the awe-inspiring dilemma: the double cognomen which would make both mint and rubber rejoice forever – Chewing Gum!

Now just a word about the actual effect of chewing gum on the world at large: chewing gum has improved living conditions all over the world fifteen per cent, has given the rudiments of education and culture to thousands upon thousands of workless and ignorant aborigines, has created in the midst of the impenetrable jungle a series of model communities equipped with every outlet, orifice, comfort, and even luxury, which our twentieth-century super-civilization can invent – pianolas, phonographs, radios, electric lights, automatic garbage cans, telephones and telegraphs, sane dance halls, hygienic soda fountains, collapsible bungalows, and stroplless safety razors. But to enumerate these trifling benefits is to convey only an atom, a molecule, an ohm, of the actual truth. Chewing gum has done these things, of course, but (as everybody from the illiterate savage of the Peruvian pampas to the most highly cultured savant of the Académie Francaise knows) chewing gum has done more – a million times more. Chewing gum won the last war, and will win the next. If the sticks of chewing gum which are manufactured in just one of the Adams-Wiggley factories during an ordinary eight-hour day were put end to end, they would form a highway to the furthest star which the most powerful telescope has ever perceived. But statistics are merely statistics, so let us rather turn to

the man himself.

William Adams-Wiggley, at the age of thirty-six, has made thousands of millions of millions of billions of lips, jaws, and mouths – all over the entire planet, throughout the five nations, the seven seas, the neutral air, the kindly earth – move in rhythmic sequence and keep time perfectly all together without one single error or mistake, just like they were the countless feet of heroes advancing into battle. Yes, gentlemen, that's what Adams-Wiggley has really accomplished. In a word, in a nutshell, in a *Je ne sais quoi*, he has put into people's mouths, everywhere, in all weathers – into my mouth and your mouth, gentlemen – what had hitherto been considered only suited to an old pair of shoes on a nasty day. Isn't it beautiful? Doesn't it simply prove what genius really is? Genius doesn't despise a thing because it looks lowly or has been maltreated and spat upon – no. A genius isn't going to take anybody's word for something: he's going to go right to the bottom of the problem, and find out for himself what the facts are. That's what Shakespeare did, and Beethoven, and Edison, and Einstein, and all the real geniuses. And that's what William Adams-Wiggley – last but not least – did.

In closing, I call upon you to consider this man's achievement from the standpoint of Christianity: I want you to ask yourselves, what is the highest duty which a person conscious of The Master's teachings can possibly perform? There is but one answer: to raise up, to comfort, to pity. That being understood, let us now – with bated breaths and heads reverently bowed – consider for the last time William Adams-Wiggley, and let us ask, in a devout whisper: is William Adams-Wiggley a Christian?

Is he, gentlemen?

I'll say so. I'll say there are mighty few folks living or dead who can compare with him in that respect. Think it over for yourselves – you'll see what I mean. You'll see, for the first time, how – as a Christian – William looked about him; how his mild, fearless, honest, noble, Christian eye searched everywhere for not just one but two altogether humble and utterly unhappy and entirely miserable specimens of plant life. Because he himself was a big, blue-eyed, strong-minded, broad-shouldered, right-thinking, clean-minded Christian man, he wanted to discover the only completely despised twins of the vegetable world – and, because he was a Christian, he did.

But that, my friends, isn't all. Adams-Wiggley wasn't one of those fly-bitten, moth-eaten, idealistic Christians who never got into any action for fear of dirtying their cowardly hands: not he. When William found an intolerable injustice rankling right under the very nose of countless generations of purblind humanity, he wasn't content with wringing his hands and making a fuss – no sir: he did something about it. In other words, he had the real Christian spirit, and he showed it. I'll say that's a big thing to do; and I'll say that the man who did that thing is a big man and a big Christian. I'll say that – if to pity and to comfort and to raise up the fallen are the real Christian virtues – no man ever breathed who had more of the real Christian virtues than William Adams-Wiggley; and that's what I mean when I tell you that, although he is a noble and wonderful man and a great and exalted genius, he is first of all, and par excellence, a Christian. So long as the sun and the moon persist, gentlemen, so long as a fact is a fact and a lie is a lie, there can be no getting away from the truth and, in this case, the plain, unvarnished, unadulterated, ineradicable, irremediable, unalterable, absolute truth is simply this: mint and rubber were in trouble, and – just because he was a Christian – Adams-Wiggley pitied rubber and pitied mint. That, gentlemen, is the utterly naked truth. But let us not forget something else. Because the inventor of that practically blessed substance, that almost sacred commodity, that miraculous substitute for devilry and idleness, that glorious panacea for all human and inhuman ills – chewing gum – is not an ordinary, humdrum, noncommittal, happy-go-

lucky, nonchalant Christian like you or me, but a Christian who takes his religion seriously, who practises his lofty aims and lives his unimpeachable ideals – because, in short, William Adams-Wiggley is that extraordinary, far-sighted, richly gifted, unshakable, almost extinct kind of Christian to whose alert and luminous and vibrant being the slightest injustice of whatever variety constitutes an irrevocable challenge – only because of this, gentlemen – the superman, the genius, the Christian of Christians, William Adams-Wiggley, did something which common-or-garden men and lackadaisical Christians such as you and me would not, and could not, do – he raised up mint: he comforted rubber.

From Vanity Fair, April 1925.

SEVEN SAMPLES OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM

In the best and most highly approved Metropolitan manner

Editor's Note: When Vanity Fair suggested to Mr. E. E. Cummings that he give us his impressions anent the current American drama, the author of "&" replied – with a startling absence of subterfuge – that he would be happy to accept our invitation on one condition: viz., that he should not be expected to go to see any of the seven plays we wished reviewed, adding that he had never attended the theatre in his life and could not find any particular reason for doing so now, particularly as he studiously read all the New York dramatic critics and knew the métier thoroughly. Incredible as such a purely medieval statement may appear in the renaissance of this ultra-enlightened epoch, its veracity is irrevocably substantiated by the infra-mendacious tidbits which follow.

1. BOOM BOOMED How Much Assassination is a play which is surely worth going to see, My throat specialist was particularly moved, and spent half the last appointment describing to me exactly why the production is a human document. As nearly as I can make out, I agree with him; although it seems he was in the air forces. No one who ever went over the top, which neither of us did, can fail to be amused by the dialogue between Rinehart and Belasco, or is it between Buffalo Bill and General Pershing? We forget which, unfortunately. Anyhow, the idea is there; and that man who did the ape in All God's Chillun Got Wings is a remarkable actor in every way, and some of the slang just makes you want to stand up and say, "Let there be no more war!"

II. CLAPTRAP BEARNAISE

Pink Thunder from start to finish is a gripping melodrama in which frankly tropical lust is forcefully contrasted with intrinsic spiritual affection. The action – which reaches a heart-rending climax on the summit of Popocatepetl – is essentially a struggle between two women, one of whom is certainly no worse than she should be, for the possession of Peter Thomson, a missionary who is torn by conflicting emotions. Thrill-ridden scenes succeed each other with an agonizing rapidity, until Lucille Stingray (played to almost unendurable perfection by Mischa Elman) bribes a bloodthirsty tribe of Peruvian headhunters to abduct the sleeping heroine, for whom, until this dreadful moment, Peter – absorbed in the excruciating convolutions of his own ubiquitous conscience – had cherished merely a vague, unrecognizable emotion. The crisis, however, precipitates love; and the apostle is supplanted by the man. In a delirium of perspicuity, scarce knowing what he does, Michael Arlen as Peter rescues Isabel who faints with pleasure in his arms: whereupon, overcome – in what would appear to be the supreme moment of his life – by mingled inhibitions, the young man turns his back on temptation, gives himself (in an agony of remorse) to Lucille, and promptly jumps into the infernal fires of the volcano, which go out, causing the superstitious aborigines to hail him as a god. This sacrilege brings the devotee to his true senses – a fascinating psychological twist, for

which the author (Miss Marianne Moore) is to be unstintingly congratulated – and he immediately, to everyone's relief, inherits sixteen million dollars, kisses June Walker, embraces the American flag, and lives happily ever after as innumerable spectators swarmingly exeunt from New York's best ventilated theatre.

III. STRUT YOUR STUFF *Strut Your Stuff* is a typical revue with Ethel Barrymore and the costumes – consisting of paper napkins, accurately and painstakingly designed by Claude Bragdon, beautifully photographed by Alfred Stieglitz, and capably produced by Edward Royce.

IV. LOVE'S COMING OF AGE *Hairy Jones' Desire under the Elms* is a play in the manner of Greek tragedy about a monkey who is also a Negro in which little is left to the imagination. Hairy Jones (not to be confused with Robert Edmond Jones who did his level best with the somewhat slanting elms) after being born (in New England) becomes "dif'rent." During all the rather long next, or third, act, the heroine alternately dabbles in incest and hides peanuts under a rug to amuse her doting grandfather who, we are given to understand, hangs himself in a shop window on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street to the dulcet thuddings of a tom-tom, as the curtain falls and subscribers exchange looks all over the Provincetown Theatre. But this is not the point of the production by any means, for the author is far from being one whom mere mute inglorious melodrama satisfies. Rather are we presented with a continuous cross section of the Oedipus complex as it occurs in a mixture of the African galley slave with the gorilla who has become a typical citizen of New Bedford, Massachusetts, during those old whaling days when might made wrong. The cast is excellent, Mary Garden excelling in the difficult part of Liz, while Sir Al Forbes-Robertson Jolson's portrayal of the ambigeneric hero is a triumph of tact, vigour, and nuance; and profusely illustrated brochures, entitled "Anthony Comstock's Reminiscences, or Tramping on Life" are distributed (gratis) to members of the audience, at each and every performance which I myself enjoyed very much.

V. THE GREAT AMERICAN DRAMA AT LAST Mickey's Yiddisher Tulip: Several million dollars have already flowed into the ermine-lined pocketbook of her who is, to put it mildly, the authoress of Mickey's Yiddisher Tulip, and small wonder! For sheer blitheness of sentiment, gaiety of situation, sublimity of pathos, and general inventiveness, no story, since Uncle Tom's Cabin thrilled our immediate ancestors, has enshrined so many genuinely laughable and authentically weep-able moments, making of the human heart a sensitive and responsive instrument at the beck and call of alternate terror and joy. It were indeed difficult to imagine what could be more wholly touching, and at the same time funnier, than a juxtaposition of the Icelandic and Assyrian temperaments; yet precisely this feat has won for the inspired progenitor of Mickey's Yiddisher Tulip an everlasting seat among the geniuses of all time. (Standing room only.)

VI. CORN BEEF AND CAVIAR Once again, after its triumphant tour of Athens, Constantinople, and Peking, The Bohemian Ballet is with us. The only fault which your reviewer can find with this invariably extraordinary ballet organization, whose ranks are this year enriched by two dancers of international renown – Gretchen Fahrenheit and Mike Frost – is that it somehow just misses being neither the Swedish nor yet the Russian Ballet. Nevertheless, there are some far from wholly unpleasant moments; as when, for example, the superb curtain by Wable Wicasse falls (after the third scene of *La Princesse Enceinte* is somewhat less than half over) on the by no means negligible occiput of Igor Ivanovich Vladimir Skipski; or when Lucy Goebloom (that most astute of Lithuanian terpsichoristes) executes the banana dance of the Fiji Islands to a witty, if slightly posthumous, nocturne by Chopin – or during those few utterly inspired, absolutely unforgettable

instants, when, against the molecular meanderings of Strapfka Fooking, are agreeably silhouetted the cerebral somersaults of Serge Kapoot.

VII. POLLYANNA AESTHETICS

The Black Suspenders is, as its name frankly implies, an evanescent folk tale of corrupt peasant life done into verse by Edna St. Vincent Millay and translated from the Algerian by Mrs. John F. Hylan. George Smith, the hero, ably interpreted by Mr. John Howard Lawson, is put to sleep by a fairy named Sylvio, and remains in a state of coma during the entire performance, parts of which (especially the twelfth and twenty-sixth tableaux) might be omitted to advantage without violating the delicate spirit of Arthur Hopkins' conception. Aside from this minor error, the plot deals with Smith's subconscious reaction to three characters – Geraldine Glumb, a future mother; Dorothy Dumb, a telephone girl, and Creichton Crumb, a painter of marine animals – all of whom are obviously in search of the author, Yudenich Pilsudski Numb, who remains off-stage, however, occasionally singing Nearer My God to Thee to the accompaniment of an ancient African instrument shaped somewhat like a cross between beggar on horseback and the mandolute. An audience (composed, last Saturday night, of sprinkling of Danish plumbers and a scattering of Norwegian bank messengers) loudly booed the far from discreditable work of Philip Widget Moeller in the role of Philip Moeller Widget, and expressed almost unjustified approval whenever – as not infrequently happens – Geraldine hits Creichton with a stuffed cat in the middle of Dorothy's wedding. On the whole, we are reluctantly forced to admit, we can congratulate Miss Millay, Mr. Pilsudski Numb and Mayoress Hylan.

from Vanity Fair, May 1925.

UNEXPECTED LIGHT ON THE DAWES PLAN

An exclusive interview with General Von Memmling, Pan-German Unionist By N. G. Archibald, pH.p., L.L.D.

Editor's Note: So many contradictory reports on the working of the Dawes Plan have lately appeared in our journals of opinion that we are glad to publish the following revelation by Professor Archibald – the eminent authority on World Peace, International Law, and other dubious subjects. He has just returned from the other side with this well-earned "scoop." The thrilling account of his exclusive interview with the German General is told with characteristic frankness and a simplicity of diction which renders its veracity unimpeachable.

To begin with, on arriving in Germany, I spent five weeks and three days in solitary confinement at a little town called Liederkrantz, this course having been decided upon with a view to protecting such perfect foreigners as myself from the cannibalistic tendencies of a starving populace. While deeply engaged in fighting rats and perfecting my German, I was taken out by thirteen soldiers and an officer; and given, in rapid succession: a letter of introduction to General von Memmling (Chairman Pro Tem. of the pan-German Committee on the Practical Application of the Dawes Plan), a hot bath, and a birth certificate.

Somewhat dazed, I found myself dressed in the uniform of a Hessian soldier and placed on a box car with twenty-three other members of the Associated Press, including the Editor of Forest and Stream, in which condition we all started under double lock and key for Berlin, being fed from time to time (through a triangular hole in the semicircular roof) two mouse omelets and a glass of water apiece. Just

sixty-one hours later the door was thrown open, in Berlin, and Mr. George B. Harris of the Herald Tribune – who, being a chronic sufferer from insomnia and other things, happened to be leaning against it – fell into the middle of the Leipziger Bahnhof and was taken away to a hospital, while the rest of us were locked up for the night on the fifth floor of the former Kaiser's palace, after someone had said (in English) that we would undoubtedly be received by General von Memmling at three o'clock next morning.

Such were a mere tithe of the precautions with which the Committee had generously seen fit to surround our entrance into the capital; and I may add that only by appreciating to the full their real significance can the average reader hope to understand how tense was the situation, in Germany, at the moment when – as if by a miracle – the Dawes Plan solved at one blow that Gordian knot whose innumerable strands combined such difficulties as World War, Famine Prevention, and the Occupation of the Ruhr.

But to continue: bright and early we were all aroused from our sleeplessness by the firing of revolvers close to our ears. We were then heavily blindfolded and arrived in taxicabs exactly three hours later at General Headquarters. I was the first to be received, possibly because my name begins with A, in contrast with Mr. George Van Antwerp's of "True Stories," which (as might not be expected) leads off with a V. At the point of a bayonet, then, I entered a narrow passage; presently the towels were whisked from my eyes – and I found myself standing before a tall, angular, forbidding man, somewhere between thirty-nine and forty years of age, who was seated in pyjamas, embroidered with a Royal order, before a combination cook stove and escritoire working a crossword puzzle and gorging himself (with almost animal ferocity) on a frozen banana.

Von Memmling, for it was indeed no other, rose; and, having greeted me cordially in a thunderous voice, ignored further ceremony by offering me a bite of the full-blown fruit, which I politely but firmly refused – pleading (in somewhat inadequate German) that I had suffered from continual stomach-aches since arriving in his country. But I soon regretted my frankness; for I was immediately clapped on the back, tied hand and foot, and placed practically upside down, in a straight jacket; in which condition I began my interview with the daring but necessary question, "Herr von General, just what is the Dawes Plan?"

My interlocutor frowned pityingly a moment; and then replied with Spartan brevity, "Simplicity itself."

I countered, with dignity, that I was absolutely sure he was right; but that we in the United States craved to know the exact details – whereupon General von Memmling started violently, and regarded me with something very like admiration. "Do you know," he muttered through the depths of his gigantic moustache, "that you are the first and only magazine man who has ever made, in my hearing, an even semi-intelligent remark?"

I blushed, as was not unnatural under the circumstances, and explained that I could not be considered an ordinary magazine man; since Vanity Fair was the organ which I had the honour to represent – but here the Chairman Pro Tem. of the pan-German Committee on the Practical Application of the Dawes Plan uttered a tremendous cry which quite upset the sentinel at the door, who tumbled over backwards in sheer amazement and narrowly missed colliding with both von Memmling and myself; the former of whom, placing one huge foot on his prostrate sentinel's abdomen, supplemented the ululation as follows: "You need say no more. I will tell you all. Your magazine is" (here I translate freely) "the political mainstay of the illustrious bowsprit of glorious America's progressive forefront."

I tried to bow.

"Turn that right side up," von Memmling added, to a second sentinel (who had automatically taken the place of the first) – and he pointed to the present writer. Instantly the command was obeyed: my head and feet changed places as if by magic. "Decorate him!" the general bellowed – whereupon six orderlies in undress uniform entered, each carrying upon a plum-coloured cushion 4 different emblem of heroism: and, marching straight up to me, respectfully placed the variegated tokens one by one on my breast.

"Now," the military genius stated, as the last decorator withdrew, salaaming profoundly in my direction, "we can begin"; adding, with a touch of delicacy which I had scarcely anticipated, "make yourself perfectly comfortable."

"Good," I answered, overcome.

"You have doubtless read many newspaper accounts, purporting to explain the origin and significance of the Dawes Plan," the General prefaced, "but there is not a word of truth in any one of them, for two simple reasons: first, no one except myself and nine other people really knows anything about it; second, Mr. Dawes himself had nothing whatever to do with it." My surprise upon hearing these bits of news caused me to redden visibly.

The General continued: "Now as to the precise contents of the Dawes Plan: would it interest you to hear the unvarnished truth on that subject?"

"Yuh-yuh," I gasped.

"The Dawes Plan," my informant continued, "the hope of the whole world, the salvation of the German People, is divided into five parts, each of which deals with something else – You're sure you're not catching cold?"

I shook my head, overcome by mingled emotions.

"Very good," he pursued. "In that case, I will read to you verbatim the original manuscript, which I always carry for reference." (I bowed in appreciation of this condescension, and the General produced from his coat a volume, most of the pages of which were blank, but which otherwise bore a striking resemblance to the Social Register.)

"Part one," his clarion voice trumpeted, as he adjusted a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles on his eccentric nose, and took a dark Havana from his fatigue cap after the manner of policemen the world over. An orderly having lit the prodigious weed for him with an immaculate salute, von Memmling proceeded – "Habeas Corpus: whatever is imported must first have been exported, since it is a well-established principle of economics (vide Taussig) that nothing can go into any country unless it has first come out of the country. Exceptions to this rule are – all narcotics, fireworks, dogs, stomach pumps, cabarets, guinea pigs (for medical purposes), gunmen, and umbrellas."

I sneezed my appreciation.

"So much for imports," the General remarked caressingly. "Let us turn to exports – Part Two: Quid pro quo. Nothing whatever, including postage stamps, elephants, and diplomats, shall be permitted to leave Germany until further notice, either with or without the special permission of the Allies. Duly elected members of the Reichstag to the number of twelve thousand, armed with willow whistles and wearing silk hats, shall from time to time enforce this rule."

I smiled understandingly.

"That settles the pernicious question of exports – just like that," the General cried enthusiastically, snapping his enormous fingers. "Now as to the problem of food supply – Part Three: Status Quo. Article One: since people are starving by hundreds of thousands, everyone shall be compelled to eat less for the good of the majority. Article Two: at the same time, the majority shall be intensively instructed as to the highly nutritive properties of certain well-known and easily obtainable substances, among which may properly be counted – sawdust, carpet tacks, all kinds of nails, rubber boots, and stove polish. Article Three: the masses shall be incessantly encouraged, by music, propaganda, and machine guns, to eat much and often of the unquestionably digestible and meticulously health-giving items hereinbefore enumerated; and offenders shall be punished with the utmost vigour. Note: Policemen shall set the crowd a good example whenever necessary by sucking their billies."

The General smiled, then, clearing his cavernous trachea and pulling one ubiquitous ear, he read on – "Part Four: Quo Vadis. Each and every male child or part thereof between the ages of 0.0007 and 2.318 (months) shall be restricted (during the calendar and fiscal year) to the production or possession of five battleships, eight armoured cruisers, twenty submarines, fifty-six aeroplanes, and one Zeppelin. If more than the prescribed amount of each or any element or armament of disarmament herein described, prescribed, inscribed, or proscribed, be found in his possession, whereabouts, or vicinity, said male child of said age or ages shall be forthwith compelled to submit in writing to the police commissioner of his district an apology, signed by the mayor and sub-mayor, as well as by his parents (if any); and moreover this questionnaire or affidavit shall be received by said commissioner not later than the first Thursday of the month immediately preceding the discovery of said extraneous element or elements, otherwise said child shall be declared extraneous, and taken on a Lithuanian warship to The Hague for trial on the charge of corrupting the youth of Germany. In the case of a female child, the armaments or disarmaments in her vicinity, whereabouts, or possession shall be limited to 0.31415 per cent of the sum total produceable, or possessable, or both, by any male child; and the punishment for infringement of this decree shall be the same. Adults must positively not own, purchase, steal, manufacture, have, or play with, anything whatever of a warlike nature, exception being made in the case of the cap pistol on Allied holidays, such as the seventeenth of March."

"Don't be restless," von Memmling admonished gently, "we are almost through. Listen to Part Five, And Last." He rolled his mastodonian eyes, and an orderly entered to relight his general's ebbing cheroot. "Part Five: Mirabile Dictu," the master resumed, as the servitor vanished. "The railroads of Germany shall be completely reformed, and their present inefficiency shall be remedied, as follows – in the first place, the already inhibitory prices of all seats shall be quadrupled, with a view to eliminating unnecessary traffic, and no animals whatever (except captive canary birds on leash) shall be allowed: secondly, all trains of whatever nature must be equipped with automatic conductors, must on no account ever whistle except when invited to do so, must have square wheels made of window glass, must be lighted with paraffin candles, and must run forwards and backwards at the same time; thirdly, the Allies shall have the inalienable right, at any hour of the night, day, either, or both, to search all locomotives for steam – if the slightest trace of which be discovered (whether with microscopes, thermometers, or crowbars) the guilty locomotive shall be pronounced null and void, sealed with particoloured sealing wax, drawn by two snow-white oxen into the town hall of the nearest village, city, or hamlet, and demolished by dynamite in the presence of the entire population."

General von Memmling pocketed the volume; and his eyes adopted a musing, dreamy,

far-away expression, as he half bellowed and half-whispered, "the Dawes Plan – in whose five paragraphs lies the salvation of my country and the peace of the uncivilized world."

Then, removing his feet from the by-this-time breathless abdomen of the continuously supine sentinel, he added as an afterthought, "Get up!" – and when the obedient soldier had done so, "Let all those other dumbbells be given a glass of beer and returned to New York in good condition," von Memmling directed, pithily referring to the twenty-three waiting American interviewers – "but treat this gentleman – the representative of a moral and refined family paper – as if he were the Kaiser's own brother!" At these momentous words, I was rolled out, untied, put into a twelve cylinder Fokker and sent over the border with Mrs. Ebert's seventeen bottles of French champagne, and a distinguished danseuse from the Moscow Art Theatre, to whom I was properly introduced, but whose name I unfortunately did not quite catch.

That, in a nutshell, is the result of my interview, on behalf of this magazine, with General von Memmling.

from Vanity Fair, May 1925.

HOW TO SUCCEED AS AN AUTHOR

Some hints to young writers on the art of marketing their literary wares By Scribner Tickel, Author of: "Can Spring Be Far Behind"

How to succeed as an author?

That is the problem, and a most difficult problem to solve. Obviously, the first thing to do is to publish a book and become famous. But that brings us to another difficulty. How are we to persuade a publisher to bring out our first book? Now, there is only one way to make a publisher think well of a manuscript by an unknown writer and that is to tell him that it was written not by yourself, but by some famous author, preferably Joseph Conrad, Henry James, H. G. Wells, or Michael Arlen. If a young author of moderate talent will only submit his first book to a New York publisher under the name of one (or more) famous authors, his path is certain to be strewn with primroses.

But, under his own name? Never!

The second rule is to get Heywood Broun to review it. And the third and last rule is to find a catchy title for it.

Listen, for instance, to the story of Charles James Smith, the ambitious and talented young author, who is here heard assailing the doors of Messrs. Harper, Appleton, Page & Co., Publishers, of New York.

Publisher – No, I cannot publish your book. You wrote the book and you are quite unknown, and that is all there is to it.

Author – But, well – you see, I really did not write the book.

P – I'm sorry, but that doesn't make any difference.

A. – But Joseph Conrad wrote my book. He wrote it while I was in Italy.

P – Ah, why didn't you say so before? And another thing, why didn't Conrad sign it?

A. – Because he had a cold and went to Switzerland instead.

P. – I have a terrible cold myself.

A, – But this cold of Conrad's was in Italy.

P. – So was Conrad. Nothing remarkable in that.

A – But the book deals with what the book deals with. It is unique because it is unique. There is nothing like it because there is nothing like it, as Henry James said in the middle of the street, at Budapest.

P. – What was James doing in Budapest?

A. – Trying to find a synonym for "mushroom."

P – Did he?

A. – Of course: "umbrella." It took him eleven months.

P – To find an umbrella?

A. – Quite the contrary: to write my book.

P – Not that it makes any difference, but I thought you said that Conrad wrote your book.

A. – Yes, Conrad wrote it first, but James wrote it afterwards.

P – Oh, I see. How did that happen?

A. – Accidentally. They were such good friends.

P – And did James sign it?

A. – Not quite.

P – What do you mean by "not quite"?

A,. – Well, to tell you the truth, he tripped over a nasturtium early one morning, and almost immediately left for Russia in a taxicab with a paper bag full of oranges.

P. – It is true that his asthma was very bad?

A. – Very. It was positively ornamental.

P- – And who wrote your book next?

A. – H. G. Wells. But that was in Dublin, and besides, it was raining.

P – It always rains in Dublin, so that doesn't make any difference.

A. – But you don't understand: James stole Wells' umbrella in Dublin, which Conrad returned to James in Italy: whereas Wells lent Henry James Joseph Conrad's cold, all in exchange for the asthma.

P. – Is it possible?

A. – Yes, but it is also untrue that Michael Arlen writes hurriedly. For instance, he wrote my book in two hours and twenty-five minutes.

P. – Where and when, may I ask?

A. – Of a Thursday, beside the point, in a gondola off Long Island.

P. – Well, well.

A. – Yes, he is indeed a sick man.

P. – In that case I really cannot publish your book, because I believe you wrote it, because the people who wrote it (because you did not write it) did not sign their names. Is that perfectly clear?

A. – It would be, if Arlen had not signed his name.

P. – Oh – so he signed his name?

A. – In Prague, yes. But somebody bought the manuscript on the Aquitania for twelve pounds.

P. – I should have rather expected that you would almost have preferred to pawn your, shall we say, watch?

A. – I would not part with my watch for two reasons: third, because it was not a Christmas present; and fifth, because it always makes me ill to ride backwards.

P. – Indeed. That throws a completely new light on the matter.

A. – And I don't drink and smoke.

P. – Magnificent. May I ask if you have any children?

A. – Thousands of them.

P. – Girls or boys?

A. – Twins.

P. – M-m-m. Have you any critical opinions on your manuscripts?

A. – I should say I have.

P. – From whom?

A. – No less a critic than Heywood Broun himself.

P. – What did he say?

A. – It was all rather spectacular. Heywood was standing on the sidewalk when his eyes fell on the manuscript. As he read on, a sort of terror convulsed his face –

for the first time in the man's critical career he was speechless – then, literally tearing his glance from my chef-d'oeuvre, and addressing the nearest policeman, he murmured gradually: "We have been cleansed by pity and terror."

P – Not really!

A. – Yes; really and truly.

P – And then?

A- – Then, braced by this praise, I tried it on the Diamond Brothers, the murderers.

P – Your manuscript?

A. – The same.

P. – They were enthusiastic?

A. – Positively electrified.

P. – What is your book called, if I may ask?

A. – Well sir, after considering such titles as Lord Jack, The Golden Vase, Mr. Whittling, and The Emerald Fedora, I hit upon a nomenclature at once succinct and euphonious –

P. – Which is?

A. – "The Sea-Urchin's Lullaby, or Why They Wanted Children."

P – My God, man: why didn't you tell me that first? Bully title! Bully! Of course I'll publish it!

from Vanity Fair, September 1925.

THE ADULT, THE ARTIST AND THE CIRCUS

A mildly philosophic plea for the performers, the menagerie and the freaks

Editor's Note: You enjoy the theatre and you enjoy art, but do you enjoy the circus? Did you go to the circus this year? And if so, did you have a really good time? If you are bored at the circus, or if you don't go for fear of being bored, read what a "modernistic" writer and painter has to say on this subject – then, at the very next opportunity, visit the circus and be bored – if you can be!

When something joyous, which made our childhood particularly worth while, fails to delight us as adults, we go through the apparently serene process of assuming a lofty attitude toward the "outgrown" pleasure. Upon close inspection, however, this process proves to be far from serene. Take our grown-up disdain of the circus, for instance. What actually happens, from the moment when the circus first occurs to us until the moment when we dismiss it as "childish," is nothing less than a BATTLE.

For, at the very thought of "circus," a swarm of long-imprisoned desires breaks jail. Armed with beauty and demanding justice and everywhere threatening us with curiosity and Spring and childhood, this mob of forgotten wishes begins to storm the supposedly impregnable fortifications of our Present. We are caught off our guard – we must defend ourselves somehow: any weapon will do. We seize the idea that a circus is nothing but a big and colourful toy especially invented for the amusement of undeveloped or naïf minds. With this idea and the idea that the theatre is an enlightened form of entertainment worthy of our mature intelligences, we lay about us wildly; until – after a brave struggle – the motley horde retreats, abandoning its dead and wounded. But we ourselves are not unscathed: our wounds give us no peace; we must somehow forget them. Accordingly we betake ourselves to a theatre or to the movies. There, under the influence of a powerful anaesthetic known as Pretend, we forget not only the circus but all our other sorrows, including the immortal dictum of that inexorable philosopher Krazy Kat: It's what's behind me that I am.

But suppose, now, that an exciting experiment is attempted. Why not try to consider the circus directly, or as a self-sufficient phenomenon independent of the theatre, movies, radio and similar lofty amusements? I have in mind neither a detailed analysis of the American circus of today, nor yet a pompous monologue on the circus throughout the ages, but merely a few personal remarks anent the menagerie, the freaks, and the "big show" of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus.

And speaking of the menagerie, nothing can shake my conviction that a periodic and highly concentrated dose of wild animals – elephants, tigers, lions, leopards, jaguars, bears, wolves, giraffes, kangaroo, zebras, horned horses, camels, hyenas, rhinoceri and at least one hippopotamus – is indispensable to the happiness of all mature civilized human beings. Were Congress to pass a bill compelling every adult inhabitant of the United States of America to visit the circus at least twice a year, with the stipulation that each visitor must spend (willy-nilly) not less than half an hour in the menagerie, I believe that, throughout the entire country, four out of five hospitals, jails and insane-asylums would close down. It is my hunch that, as an immediate result of this simple legislation, hundreds of cripples – lame, halt and blind – would toss their infirmities {sketches} to the winds, thousands of ill-starred homes would break into paeans of rejoicing – and millions of psychoanalysts would be thrown out of employment.

For the benefit of any disciple of Freud who may chance to peruse the above statement, I hereby whisper that my own totem is the elephant. And what, gentle subscriber to Vanity Fair, may your totem be? In case you aren't sure, or think you haven't any, I counsel you to take the very next train for whatever city the circus may happen to occupy (unless you are so fortunate as to have it with you at the moment). Above all, don't be satisfied with a trip to some mere zoo; for zoos – poor, placid, colourless things that they are – completely lack that outrageous intensity which makes the circus menagerie unique as a curative institution and endows the denizens of that institution with a fourth- or fifth-dimensional significance for the neuroses.

By this time, surely, my worthy readers have doubtless decided that I myself am a salaried member of that branch of the circus which comprises "the strange people." Although this is an error – although I am neither a Missing Link nor a Fat Lady nor yet an Ambassador from Mars – I may mention that I feel highly complimented at being mistaken for one or all of these prodigies. For (in my opinion) happy is that writer, who, in the course of his lifetime, succeeds in making a dozen persons react to his personality as genuinely or vividly as millions react, each and every year, to the magnetic personality of Zip, the What-Is-It! Nor can I refrain, at this point, saluting also the Giant, the Pygmy, the Pin-Head, the unutterably refined Human Skeleton and the other distinguished members of Zip's very select society. Having done this, I shall spare my readers further rhapsody. In return for

the favor, I ask that all who are interested in a sensitive interpretation of certain world-famous oddities, as well as in the origin of what we now call the American circus, will hasten to consult (if by mischance they have not already done so) M.R. Werner's excellent and extremely entertaining biography: Barnum.

Having cast rapid glances at the menagerie and the freaks, we enter "the big top" – where dwells the really-truly circus-show. This may be described as a gigantic spectacle; which is surrounded by an audience, – in contrast to our modern theatres, where an audience and a spectacle merely confront each other. The show itself, we immediately notice, has a definite kind of bigness. By "definite kind," I mean that the bigness of the circus-show is intrinsic – like the bigness of an elephant or of a skyscraper – not superficial, as in the case of an enlarged snapshot. The nature of this bigness becomes apparent when we perceive that it is never, for so much as the fraction of an instant, motionless. Anyone who has stood just across the street from the Woolworth Building and has watched it wriggle upward like a skyrocket, or who has observed the irrevocably, gradually moving structure of an elephant which is "standing still" – anyone who has beheld these miracles, will understand me when I say the bigness of the circus-show is a kind of mobility. Movement is the very stuff out of which this dream is made. Or we may say that movement is the content, the subject matter, of the circus-show, while bigness is its form; provided we realize that here (as in all true "works of art") content and form are aspects of a homogeneous whole.

At this great spectacle, as nowhere else, the adult onlooker knows that unbelievably skilful and inexorably beautiful and unimaginably dangerous things are continually happening. But this is not all: he feels that there is a little too much going on at any given moment. Here and now, I desire to point out that this is as it should be. To the objection that the three-ring circus "creates such a confused impression," I beg to reply: "Speaking of confused impressions – how about the down-rush of a first-rate roller coaster or the incomparable yearning of the Parisian balançoires à vapeur, not to mention the solemn visit of a seventy-five centimetre projectile and the frivolous propinquity of Shrapnel?" For it is with thrilling experiences of a life-or-death order (including certain authentic "works of art" – and most emphatically not with going to the movies or putting out the cat) that the circus-show entirely belongs.

Within "the big top," as nowhere else on earth, is to be found Actuality. Living players play with living. There are no tears produced by onion-oil and Mr. Nevin's Rosary, no pasteboard hovels and papier-mâché palaces, no "cuts," "retakes," or "N.G.'s" – and no curtain calls after suicide. At positively every performance Death Himself lurks, glides, struts, breathes, is. Lest any agony be missing, a mob of clowns tumbles loudly in and out of that inconceivably sheer fabric of doom, whose beauty seems endangered by the spectator's least heartbeat or whisper. As for the incredible and living designs, woven in this fabric by animal trainers, equestrians, acrobats – they are immune to forgetfulness in the same way that certain paintings, poems and musical compositions are immune. Although it was only once, and twenty-odd years ago, that my eyes had the extraordinary honour to behold a slight young man whose first name was DANGER DERIDING DEATH DEFYING DESPERATE DAREDEVIL DIAVOLO LOOPS THE LOOP ON A BICYCLE (his last name being, if I am not mistaken, PORTHOS: LEAPS THE GAP OVER FIVE ELEPHANTS), I have not forgotten this person and shall never forget him, simply because he was a great artist – who, like Paul Cézanne, died the most fortunate and illustrious of deaths: died at the motif, and in the execution of his art.

So, ungentle reader, (as you and I value what we should be ashamed – after witnessing a few minor circus-marvels – to call our "lives,") let us never be fooled into taking seriously that perfectly superficial distinction which is vulgarly drawn between the circus-show and "art" or "the arts." Let us not forget that every authentic "work of art" is in and of itself alive and that, however "the

arts" may differ among themselves, their common function is the expression of that supreme alive-ness which is known as "beauty." This being so, our three ring circus is art – for to contend that the spectacle in question is not an authentic manifestation of "beauty" is as childish, as to dismiss the circus on the ground that it is "childish," is idiotic.

In closing, the present writer wishes to state (1) that an extremely intimate connection exists between Con Colleanos' forward somersault (from and to a wire in mid-air) and Homer's Odyssey (2) that a sure method of understanding Igor Stravinsky's Le Sacre du Printemps, is to study the voluminous precision and fugal delicacy of Mr. Ringling's "Ponderous Pachyderms under the direction of the greatest of all animal trainers" (3) that El Greco, in painting, and "Ernest Clark, in his triple somersaulting double-twisting and reverse flights through space" give strikingly similar performances, and (4) that the fluent technique of seals and of sea lions comprises certain untranslatable idioms, certain innate flexions, which astonishingly resemble the spiritual essence of poetry.

From Vanity Fair, October 1925: line drawings by the author.

THE VERY LATEST SCHOOL IN ART

An unconsciousnist painter and a kindly critic of ye olde schoole exchange ideas

By Scribner Tickel

TIME: Midnight

SCENE: A basement cellar, minus wallpaper, furniture and windows. The artist, a pallid youth whose mouth is crammed with brushes, chalk, charcoal palette knives, pencils, etc., stands in a thoroughly smashed straw hat and a pair of arsenic-green pyjamas – splashing, slashing, scraping, smudging, at a gigantic canvas. The intense darkness of the cellar is broken only by the fitful glow of a cigarette, which indicates that the critic (a respectable old gentleman well past his dotage, seated timidly on a cracker-box in the opposite corner) is smoking nervously. From all possible directions in the apartments above, come noises of phonographs, radios, pianolas, quarrelings, screams, and an occasional pistol shot.

THE CRITIC: (After some minutes, crying out shrilly above the uproar) You're quite sure I'm not disturbing you – I think I'd really better go – I'll come another time.

THE ARTIST: (Shouts through his nose) Remain! Don't budge! Proceed!

C: But really – I don't wish to interrupt –

A: (Scornfully) You couldn't interrupt if you tried!

C: (Quaking) But you see... I just dropped in with the idea of asking a few questions – I didn't expect to find you busy –

A: For Heaven's sake, ask your questions: ask me something – nothing – everything – anything. ... I must have some distraction, some excitement. (Bawls out at the top of his voice) It's too quiet in here!

C: (In amazement) Do you really mean to say that you enjoy this hideous racket?

A: (Shouts) Hideous? – Not at all, Beautiful! Noise is the sublime incarnation of

the spirit of the twenty-second century in terms of the twentieth – I love it!

C: (Doubtfully) But I should think it would inhibit your –

A: On the contrary. Stimulates me! I tell you I love it: the more noise the better.

C: Indeed! But what of your art?

A: You don't understand. That's the whole point: my art is unconscious.

C: You mean you've never attended any schools?

A: I should hope NOT! But that's neither here nor there.

C: Just how do you use the word "Unconscious?"

A: In the usual, ultra-Freudian-infra-Jungian-extra-Adlerian sense.

C: Oh, I see – but what on earth has noise got to do with your "Unconscious?"

A: Stupid! – it's all perfectly simple. I am an Unconscious artist: so long as my Conscious interferes with what I'm doing, my art is at a standstill; I am helpless, thwarted, frustrated.

C: Yes, but –

A: (Fiercely) No "buts!" I tell you the thing as it is. In order to create a picture, I am first of all forced to eliminate my conscious mind and will.

C: (Timidly) I should think that would be rather difficult –

A: Difficult? Just the opposite. Noise is the solution! Racket – tumult – hurly-burly – that's what does it!

C: (Cringing, as a revolver shot is heard directly overhead, followed by a long drawn-out scream) You certainly seem to have succeeded in finding a place suited to your ... let us say, tastes.

A: (Shouts back proudly) It is noisy, isn't it! And let me tell you, I sought far and wide before I came on this paradise! It was not an easy matter getting myself a domicile as thrilling and distracting and conscious-killing as this one!

C: And as dark.

A: Ah – that's my second great discovery!

C: (Confused) But my dear fellow, do you mean to tell me that you paint in the dark by preference?

A: Certainly! Of course I do.

C: May I inquire why?

A: (Simply) Because, otherwise, I might see what I was doing – and that would be fatal to my art. That would make me conscious.

C: Really?

A: (With conviction) Absolutely fatal. (A pause, during which the sounds of many

drunken people of various genders hurling themselves hither and thither, above the studio, are heard: cries of "Police! Murder! Fire!" come from various directions: a table is upset with a thunderous crash of glass.)

C: (In a trembling voice) I say – excuse me ... would you mind – would you very much object if I lit a match –

A: (Sternly) What for?

C: Just – just to see the picture you're working on – for a moment –

A: Impossible. That would spoil everything.

C: But you don't need to see it yourself – suppose I first blindfolded you? (Coaxingly) With a nice silk handkerchief?

A: No, no. That doesn't work – I used to paint blindfolded, by candle light: but it didn't work: I found myself peeping. (Sadly) We are all human.

C: Still, after all, I'll see the picture sometime, so why not now?

A: (Ferociously) You will see it? When? Where? How?

C: In some gallery –

A: (Witheringly) Gallery?

C: – When you exhibit it –

A: (With great emotion) I want you to know, sir, that I am not an exhibitionist!

C: You don't understand – surely, some time –

A: The parasitic art galleries are clamouring with slaving mouths for my work, sir, but I want you to know that I am too much in love with my art to stoop to such a vile, degenerate and neurotic act as the exhibition of my canvases.

C: (In great confusion) But – but you never intend to show your paintings – ?

A: (Emphatically) Never, sit! (With a touch of pride) Not even to myself!

C: In that case, excuse me for asking... how do you expect to live?

A: (Proudly) I am an artist, sir, and the world owes me a living.

C: But if the world refuses to believe –

A: – That it owes me a living? Then, sir, I shall starve: it is my prerogative.

C: I meant, supposing the world (never having had an opportunity to behold your efforts) does not recognize the fact that you are an artist?

A: (Contemptuously) So much the worse for the world!

C: (Much amazed) A very remarkable idea, certainly!

A: My own idea, sir, and nobody else's.

C: But what of the great masters?

A: I acknowledge no masters.

C: And may I ask, where did you get the idea of painting?

A: I didn't get it – it got me.

C: H'm...and what becomes of your, let us say, works of art, when they're finished? Do you hide them away, or – (A frightful crash: the critic starts to his feet with a cry – the whole cellar trembles to its very foundations.) – My God! What on earth happened then?

A: (Calmly) I have answered your question.

C: My – ? My question?

A: (Even more calmly, laying aside an axe) I have finished your portrait.

C: Good Heavens –

A: You may now strike a match. (The critic does so: revealing the gigantic canvas in ruins at the artist's feet.)

C: So that was my – my portrait – which you were working on all this time?

A: It was.

C: And you have destroyed it utterly.

A: I have.

C: Why?

A: Why not? It was finished.

C: How could you be sure?

A: The answer to that question is very simple: I knew that your portrait was finished when I found that I had no more charcoal, that my last pencil was broken, that all my pastels were gone, that my palette knife had bent double, and that my colours were exhausted.

C: (Putting his hand to his brow) Extraordinary ...I feel as if I were going mad... excuse me – good day. (He totters feebly toward the door.)

A: (Interposing) Stop! (The critic halts, in terror.) You have forgotten something!

C: (Desperately) I have my hat.

A: You have forgotten something very much more important than your hat.

C: (Almost weeping) What – what have I forgotten?

A: (Folding his arms) You have forgotten – to ask the price.

C: (Astounded) Price?

A: Certainly.

C: Price of what?

A: Of the finished portrait of you, my dear sir.

C: Do you mean. ...

A: I mean exactly what I say: you owe me five thousand five hundred and fifty dollars plus fifty-five cents war tax.

C: (Falling on his knees) Spare me – spare me – I am but a poor man –

A: (Coldly) So am I.

C: (Imploringly) I have a large family –

A: (Icily) That is not my fault.

C: (Sobbing) Take a check for a thousand dollars and let me go! (With polar frigidity) I take no checks.

A: (With polar frigidity) I take no checks.

C: (Hysterically pulling a bill from his pocket) But I have only five dollars with me in cash...

A: Five dollars!!!! (Leaping on him and embracing him wildly) My dear man – my good, kind friend – my patron – my mentor – my saviour! (He pockets the bill.) May Heaven prosper you! (He shakes the swooning critic's hands, kisses him fervently again and again on the forehead, pulls him affectionately by one ear toward the door, kicks him up the basement stairs caressingly, and fondly throws him into the middle of Great Jones Street, where he is immediately run over by a two-ton truck belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.)

From Vanity Fair, October 1925.

HELEN WHIFFLETREE, AMERICAN POETESS

A tribute to a native artist, nurtured in Greenwich Village and Montmartre

By P. H. Dunkels, N.G.

Editor's Note: The unexpected demise of Helen Whiffletree, the American poetess, who was accidentally shot by a gendarme while she was picking violets in the Bois de Boulogne, has saddened poetry lovers all over the world and deprived Vanity Fair of one of its most valued contributors. Wishing to give a slight token of our profound grief at Miss Whiffletree's tragic disappearance from the field of letters, we asked the internationally known authority on literature, Professor P. H. Dunkels, of Colgate University, to write a brief biographical sketch and appreciation of his illustrious contemporary, Helen Whiffletree. It is our conviction that Professor Dunkels' article, which we publish herewith, is fraught with comfort and happiness for the host of this poetess's admirers, both here and in Europe. They number countless thousands.

Helen Whiffletree was born amid lowly surroundings in the unlovely town of Arlington Heights, Massachusetts, on the seventeenth day of August, 1889, of Irish-Italian parents. Her mother, Gertrude Magee, was descended from a long line of brewers. Giuseppi Paladini, her father, rose to the position of first assistant dishwasher in the local automat restaurant, but apparently failed to make good.

Confronted on every hand with hardships and privations, Helen set about at an early age to earn her own living. At the age of nine, she was supporting her indigent mother and seven sisters by selling newspapers, dressed in boy's clothes. The natural elasticity of her spirits and the vivacity of her adolescent personality in general attracted the notice of Matthew Whiffletree, a St. Louis lumber merchant well past his dotage, who happened to buy a newspaper from Helen. After making the necessary inquiries, he adopted her as his own daughter and sent her to a number of expensive schools, including Brierley (where she distinguished herself by winning a scholarship, shortly before leaving under a cloud) and thence to Vassar.

Early in her career, in fact while still in her teens at college, Helen Whiffletree wrote verse in which naiveté is carried to a pitch of unheard-of poignancy. As an example, I can do no better than quote eight lovely lines which appeared, over the signature "H. W.," in the literary magazine of her alma mater, and which are entitled "Conversation."

"Quoth a busy bee To a butterfly 'Honey make I And what maketh thee?' 'Go ask a lily,' Was the sage reply Of the silly Butterfly."

To this, her collegiate period, belong also such lilting lyrics as "Sodom and Gomorrah," "A Sparrow's Christmas," "Under the Mistletoe," and the inimitable "Day-Dream" – her first experiment in the Petrarchan sonnet form; which, besides showing the influence of Keats, caused three leading New York critics to compare her to Mrs. Browning, Shakespeare and Sappho, respectively. Readers of Vanity Fair will doubtless pardon me for reminding them of the exquisite sextet:

"I ope my windows to this April eve, Letting sweet twilight whisper o'er my soul
Its wondrous secrets without more ado. Night from day's sentence now doth seek
reprieve, While – from the summit of yon wooded knoll – A final whippoorwill the
ear doth woo."

Alexander Woollcott is said to have remarked, when the last line was recited to him for the first time by a friend in the course of a camping trip in the Canadian Rockies: "It hurts, it is so fine."

Having been dismissed from Vassar without her degree for an innocent girlish prank involving several of the best families of Cleveland, the poetess inhabited, in quick succession, Bangor, Topeka and Salt Lake City and arrived, penniless but exultant, in Greenwich Village, where she was immediately understood and vigorously acclaimed by an enthusiastic little coterie of struggling artists and models, many of whom lent her money in small quantities as a tribute to the surge of odes, triolets, rondels, rondeaux, chants royals, etc., etc., which poured from her teeming brain almost ceaselessly at this fecund time. In all these poems, the subject matter is, as might be expected, love in its multiple aspects, maternal affection and devotion to one's fellow man (or woman) being particularly stressed. Three volumes of love songs – "Satyr," "Chants and Reprisals," and "Afternoon Sunlight" – saw the light of day via Boni & Liveright. Indeed, so prolific did her muse become, that these Greenwich Village poems alone outnumber the combined output of Whittier, Tennyson and Meredith. But more remarkable even than their numerosity is the technique of those creations. Note, for instance, the subtle mastery of a difficult form in this frolicsome "Triole" from "Chants":

"Is my answer to Pedro Who offers bananas, 'You make my heart bleed' – ? No. Is my answer to Pedro, 'One dozen' – ? Indeed no! – 'Retro me, Satanas!' Is my answer to Pedro Who offers bananas."

From New York, where she divorced a banker and several noted theatrical producers, it was but a step to Paris and the Quartier Latin; where, in a modest little hotel off the Boulevard Montparnasse, our poetess finally found the perfect spiritual environment which she had ceaselessly craved and where her art attained to its full maturity. Although the singing syllables of Helen Whiffletree were already on the lips of more than ten thousand poetry lovers in America, it was in Paris that her real fame came to her. Eighteen months after leaving New York, this magnetic Sappho was the idol of the Rotonde and darling of the Dôme, to which latter café she dedicated several of her best-known sonnets.

Meanwhile, in proportion as her reputation increased – while critics on both sides of the Atlantic were awarding her latest eight books a place beside the immortal works of Goethe, Anatole France and Donald Ogden Stewart – her personality assumed truly hypnotic proportions. From the very beginning, she had exercised a mysterious and compelling power over whomsoever she came in contact with; but Paris accentuated this power to an incredible degree. It is no exaggeration to say that the psychic influence of Helen Whiffletree is unsurpassed in the history of letters.

My first experience with this emanation is unforgettable. It is all bound up with the tiptop of Montmartre – the famous Place du Tertre, overlooking Paris. Here, as is well known, all the Americans in the city (except those who are too involved in the delights of the grape to budge) wend their ubiquitous way, to dine and drink out-of-doors and be entertained by a motley crew of acrobats, musicians and prestidigitators. On the particular evening in question, the scene was of a more-than-typical picturesqueness. Anton Cul, the blind gipsy violinist, was weaving iridescent harmonies in one corner, despite the unbridled enthusiasm of the neighbouring spectators, who showered him with hundred franc notes, which were cleverly collected by a cocker spaniel furnished by the management, and deposited in the musician's by-no-means-microscopic hat. On another part of the hilltop, a group of diners were applauding the prowess of Zizz, the Fire-Bird, who – having climbed on a somewhat rickety table – proceeded to balance upside-down on an ordinary champagne glass and at the same time to swallow lighted cannon crackers, pinwheels and even (to the horror of Marianne Moore, whom I particularly remarked) a roman candle. In yet another portion of the Place, Hermaphrodites, strong man of Constantinople, was throwing his three-hundred-pound wife slowly and rhythmically up into the April evening, only to catch her in one hand as she descended.

All at once the violinist sank for support against the slight form of the cocker spaniel, which collapsed with a sharp whine, regurgitating two thousand francs – the Fire-Bird uttered a moan and rolled upon the ground, exuding rockets, mines and similar pyrotechnical monstrosities in every conceivable direction, to the vast embarrassment of the spectators – the strong man clasped his almost nonexistent occiput in both mammoth hands, uttering a terrible cry and paying no attention to his wife – who descended with her usual velocity and completely demolished eleven bottles of champagne, a United States Senator, and Mrs. Cholmondley P. Biddle of Philadelphia and Newport.

In the midst of the consternation caused by these unprecedented accidents, I lifted my eyes and beheld the incarnation of American patriotism stepping from a two-cylinder taxi: at the same moment, a hundred throats exclaimed "Helen Whiffletree!" The poetess (for it was indeed she) was attired in a red tamoshanter, a white cache-nez and sky-blue pyjamas. True to her ancestry, she carried under one arm the Decameron and under the other a nearly empty quart bottle labelled Hennessy Three

Star. The striking beauty of her getup, as – “without more ado” – she produced a large harmonica and proceeded to sound the opening chords of the Star Spangled Banner, was accentuated by an exhilarating negligence of poise which, in another, might have been attributed to artificial stimuli rather than “divine fire.” But, while the sacred strains of O Say Can You burst upon the electrified assembly, along with memories of heroic self-sacrifice, unparalleled devotion and unstinting camaraderie, only one thing occurred to me; which was, that I owed it to posterity to preserve, at any cost, my first, virginal impression of this authentic genius. Accordingly I tore down the hill and into the Moulin Rouge, where my favourite waiter brought me the usual pen and ink.

“The rest is silence.”

From Vanity Fair, November 1925.

YOU AREN'T MAD, AM I?

Being certain observations anent the extremely modern art of “burlesk”

As one of those helplessly observant individuals who are sometimes referred to as “modern” artists, I am confident that the art of burlesk (note the k) is particularly unobserved, both by “intelligent people” in general and by readers of Vanity Fair in particular. My aim in making this somewhat threatening statement is an innocent one. I merely wish to dissipate any and all illusions, on the part of my audience, as to the precise nature of “this little essay”: which is nothing more nor less than a series of observations.

These observations, not unnaturally, have to do with the essence of the art in question. Supposing we assume (for the nonce) that burlesk is an art: how, then, does it fundamentally differ from other arts, such as painting, literature and the theatre?

First let us take the art of three-dimensional painting. Here, as in “nature,” not only do we never see around a solid person or object, but the very solidity of the object or person is conditioned by our inability to see around it, her, or him. More simply, in the case of sculpture: only one aspect of a statue is presented to us – in perceiving the rest, we are compelled to lose sight of what we have already seen; to revolve the figure, or else move around it ourselves. But the graphic arts and the theatre have an analogous limitation – that is, a thing or character cannot possibly be presented as beautiful, noble, or desirable and also as ugly, ignoble and despicable.

“Of course not!” my readers will exclaim: “because ‘ugly’ and ‘beautiful’ are opposites, just as ‘weak’ and ‘strong’ are opposites. Isn’t a weak drink the opposite of a strong one? Leaving out ‘black’ and ‘white,’ how can any American of this day and time, who hasn’t experienced a thoroughly ‘bad’ drink, talk about a ‘good’ one – and vice versa?”

Dumbfounding as are these arguments, I must needs point out an important fact. Just as our fair land of dollars and no sense was not always blest with prohibition, even so language was not always blest with “opposites.” Quite the contrary. A certain very wise man has pointed out (in connection with the meaning of dreams) that what “weak” means and what “strong” means were once upon a time meant by one

word. To understand this, it is quite unnecessary for us to try to imagine ourselves bloodthirsty savages of the forest primeval, or even to become psychoanalysts. All we have to do is to observe closely something which is flourishing under our very noses, today – the art of burlesk.

For in burlesk, we meet with an echo of the original phenomenon: “opposites” occur together. For that reason, burlesk enables us to (so to speak) know around a thing, character, or situation. To put it a little differently: if the art of common-or-garden painting were like the art of burlesk, we should be able to see – impossibly enough – all the way around a solid tree, instead of merely seeing a little more than half of the tree (thanks to binocular parallax or whatever it is) and imagining the rest. This impossible knowing around, or nonimagining, quality, constitutes the essence of burlesk and differentiates it from certain better-understood arts.

With the idea of making my point perfectly clear, I shall try to describe something which impressed me, at the time, as one of the most extraordinary experiences which I had ever had; something which happened, a few years ago, on the stage of that most extraordinary temple of burlesk, the National Winter Garden – then, as now, located at the corner of East Houston Street and Second Avenue, New York City – which institution I regard as superior to any other burlesk stronghold which I have yet inhabited, not excluding the Howard Atheneum, in Boston.

The protagonist of the occasion was a famous burlesk star named Jack Shargel (since retired; at that date, as I believe, one of two very great actors in America, number two being Charlie Chaplin) and the experience was this: a beauteous lady (weighing several hundred pounds) hands the super-Semitic, black-derbied, misfit-clothed, keen-eyed but ever-imposed-on individual called Jack Shargel a red rose – Shargel receives her gift with a gesture worthy of any prince; cautiously escorts the flower to his far from negligible nose; rapturously, deliriously even, inhales its deep, luxurious, seductive, haunting fragrance; then (with a delicacy which Chaplin might envy) tosses the red rose exquisitely, lightly, from him. The flower flutteringly describes a parabola – weightlessly floats downward – and just as it touches the stage there is a terrific, soul-shaking, earthquake-like crash: as if all the glass and masonry on earth, all the most brittle and most ponderous things of this world, were broken to smithereens.

Nothing in “the arts,” indeed, not even Paul Cézanne’s greatest painting of Mont Sainte-Victoire, has moved me more, or has proved

{author's sketch on page 139 here with caption below} THE JEW COMEDIAN. With a delicacy which Chaplin might envy he tosses the red rose of burlesque, lightly, flutteringly from his hand. to be a more completely inextinguishable source of “aesthetic emotion,” than this knowing around the Shargel rose; this releasing of all the un-roselike and non-flowerish elements which – where “rose” and “flower” are ordinarily concerned – secretly or unconsciously modify and enhance those rose – and flower – qualities to which (in terms of consciousness only) they are “opposed.”

But hark – I can hear my readers exclaiming: “the idea of becoming pompous and highbrow on such a topic – when everybody is wise to the fact that burlesque shows are distinctly inartistic and frankly lowbrow affairs!”

One moment: there are “burlesque shows” and this is thanks to the supporters of the National Winter Garden, Burlesk. But, granted that – on the surface – no two things could possibly seem more incompatible than burlesk (the original undiluted article) and “Art,” this is important only as proving how little “cultured” people observe for themselves and how consistently they are duped by preconceived notions. Should my readers take the trouble to examine, not conventional or academic “art,” but

"modern" (also called "primitive") art – art of today, art which is alive – they will discover that, in ridiculing the aesthetic significance of burlesk with a k, they are talking through their hats. For example: that favourite war cry of modern literature, le mot juste, is pre-eminently the war cry of burlesk, where we find in abundance such perfectly unambiguous statements as: "I'll hit yer so hard yer shirt'll roll up yer back like a windowshade!" Again, what is frequently referred to as "abstract," "non-representative," "cubistic," and even "futuristic," painting is fundamentally similar to such a use of the American language as this (whereby a wronged husband describes what he did to his wife's seducer – an artist, by the way – whom he found "standing on the brinkus of the Mrs. Sloppy river"): "so I pulled out my pickaxe and I cut his ear from throat to throat." Moreover, those of my readers who are already acquainted with the "neurotic" or "ultramodernistic" music of Arnold Schönberg will need no introduction to the agonizing tonality of those "sets" and "drops" among which the hero-villains of the burlesk stage shimmy, glide, strut and tumble.

{author's sketch inserted here with caption below} CLEO. The excessively mobile shimmy-dancer of burlesque who at an advanced stage of the dance exclaims: "Burn my clothes, – I'm in Heaven."

To sum up: the creations of the National Winter Garden possess, in common with the sculpture of Gaston Lachaise, the painting of John Marin and the music of Igor Stravinsky, the virtue of being intensely alive; whereas the productions of the conventional theatre, like academic sculpture and painting and music, are thoroughly dead – and since "art," if it means anything, means TO BE INTENSELY ALIVE, the former constitute art and the latter are balderdash. Furthermore, the fact that this highly stylized, inherently "abstract," positively "futuristic" art known to its devotees as burlesk is indubitably for the masses, knocks into a cocked chapeau the complaint of many so-called "critics" that "modern art" is "neurotic," "unhealthy," "insane," "arbitrary," "unessential," "superficial" and "not for the masses." My advice to anyone who doubts the validity of my assertions (which I repeat, are no more than firsthand observations) is: "get in to the Houston Street Home Of Burlesk As You Like It on a Saturday night (if you can) and then keep your eyes open!"

Above the curtain you will perceive a scroll, proclaiming in ample letters:

The Show Is The THING – Wm. Shakespeare

I should have said, you will occasionally perceive this slogan; since a smoke screen, emanating from every known and unknown variety of nicotine-yielding device, renders the immortal "Wm." 's dictum somewhat transitory. You will also perceive an incomparable show, suggesting the theatre only in its time-length, an unparalleled concoction of "knowing around" incidents and happenings

{author's sketch inserted here with caption below}

DANCE DU VENTRE. This form of the dance is most highly exploited and is, perhaps, the significant solo to the regular burlesque-goer.

and occurrences and accidents; you will behold the anatomically unique chorus of 18 "National Wintergarden Rosebuds," a first-rate burlesk cast including three excellent protagonists who may or may not be entitled "Scratch," "(Stood) Ambrose" and "Goof," several décors which rival Picasso's setting for Erik Satie's Parade (as originally performed in Paris by the Ballet Russe), syncopation ad libitum, absolutely authentic shimmying in triumphantly nonexistent costumes and – here we come to the sine qua non of the whole shebang – "Cleo," concerning whose changement de nombril I have the honour to exclaim: "Burn my clothes; I'm in Heaven!"

That the person who, in last month's Vanity Fair, bewailed a lack of danse du ventre in present day burlesQUE has never given "Cleo" 's quid pro quo an even superficial o.o. is as obvious to your humble servant as is the fact that he is not Einstein.

From Vanity Fair, December 1925

Tulips & Chimneys

EPITHALAMION

1.

Thou aged unreluctant earth who dost
with quivering continual thighs invite
the thrilling rain the slender paramour
to toy with thy extraordinary lust,
(the sinuous rain which rising from thy bed
steals to his wife the sky and hour by hour
wholly renews her pale flesh with delight)
–immortally whence are the high gods fled?

Speak elm eloquent pandar with thy nod
significant to the ecstatic earth
in token of his coming whom her soul
burns to embrace – and didst thou know the god
from but the imprint of whose cloven feet
the shrieking dryad sought her leafy goal,
at the mere echo of whose shining mirth
the furious hearts of mountains ceased to beat?

Wind beautifully who wanderest
over smooth pages of forgotten joy
proving the peaceful theorems of the flowers
–didst e'er depart upon more exquisite quest?
and did thy fortunate fingers sometime dwell
(within a greener shadow of secret bowers)
among the curves of that delicious boy
whose serious grace one goddess loved too well?

Chryselephantine Zeus Olympian
sceptred colossus of the Pheidian soul
whose eagle frights creation, in whose palm
Nike presents the crown sweetest to man,
whose lily robe the sun's white hands emboss,
betwixt whose absolute feet anoint with calm
of intent stars circling the acerb pole
poises, smiling, the diadumenos

in whose young chiseled eyes the people saw
their once again victorious Pantarkes
(whose grace the prince of artists made him bold
to imitate between the feet of awe),
thunderer whose omnipotent brow showers

its curls of unendured eternal gold
over the infinite breast in bright degrees,
whose pillow is the graces and the hours,

father of gods and men whose subtle throne
twain sphinxes bear each with a writhing youth
caught to her brazen breasts, whose foot-stool tells
how fought the looser of the warlike zone
of her that brought forth tall Hippolytus,
lord on whose pedestal the deep expels
(over Selene's car closing uncouth)
of Helios the sweet wheels tremulous—

are there no kings in Argos, that the song
is silent, of the steep unspeaking tower
within whose brightening strictness Danae
saw the night severed and the glowing throng
descend, felt on her flesh the amorous strain
of gradual hands and yielding to that fee
her eager body's unimmortal flower
knew in the darkness a more burning rain?

2.

And still the mad magnificent herald Spring
assembles beauty from forgetfulness
with the wild trump of April: witchery
of sound and odour drives the wingless thing
man forth into bright air, for now the red
leaps in the maple's cheek, and suddenly
by shining hordes in sweet unserious dress
ascends the golden crocus from the dead.

On dappled dawn forth rides the pungent sun
with hooded day preening upon his hand
followed by gay untimid final flowers
(which dressed in various tremulous armor stun
the eyes of ragged earth who sees them pass)
while hunted from his kingdom winter cowers,
seeing green armies steadily expand
hearing the spear-song of the marching grass.

A silver sudden parody of snow
tickles the air to golden tears, and hark!
the flicker's laughing yet, while on the hills
the pines deepen to whispers primeval and throw
backward their foreheads to the barbarous bright
sky, and suddenly from the valley thrills
the unimaginable upward lark
and drowns the earth and passes into light

(slowly in life's serene perpetual round
a pale world gathers comfort to her soul,
hope richly scattered by the abundant sun
invades the new mosaic of the ground
—let but the incurious curtaining dusk be drawn
surpassing nets are sedulously spun
to snare the brutal dew,—the authentic scroll

of fairie hands and vanishing with dawn).

Spring, that omits no mention of desire
in every curved and curling thing, yet holds
continuous intercourse—through skies and trees
the lilac's smoke the poppy's pompous fire
the pansy's purple patience and the grave
frailty of daises—by what rare unease
revealed of teasingly transparent folds—
with man's poor soul superlatively brave.

Surely from robes of particoloured peace
with mouth flower-faint and undiscovered eyes
and dim slow perfect body amorous
(whiter than lilies which are born and cease
for being whiter than this world) exhales
the hovering high perfume curious
of that one month for whom the whole year dies,
risen at length from palpitating veils.

O still miraculous May! O shining girl
of time untarnished! O small intimate
gently primeval hands, frivolous feet
divine! O singular and breathless pearl!
O indefinable frail ultimate pose!
O visible beatitude sweet sweet
intolerable! silence immaculate
of god's evasive audible great rose!

3.

Lover, lead forth thy love unto that bed
prepared by whitest hands of waiting years,
curtained with wordless worship absolute,
unto the certain altar at whose head
stands that clear candle whose expecting breath
exults upon the tongue of flame half-mute,
(haste ere some thrush with silver several tears
complete the perfumed paraphrase of death).

Now is the time when all occasional things
close into silence, only one tree, one
svelte translation of eternity
unto the pale meaning of heaven clings,
(whose million leaves in winsome indolence
simmer upon thinking twilight momentarily)
as down the oblivious west's numerous dun
magnificence conquers magnificence.

In heaven's intolerable athanor
inimitably tortured the base day
utters at length her soft intrinsic hour,
and from those tenuous fires which more and more
sink and are lost the divine alchemist,
the magus of creation, lifts a flower—
whence is the world's insufferable clay
clothed with incognizable amethyst.

Lady at whose imperishable smile
the amazed doves flicker upon sunny wings
as if in terror of eternity,
(or seeming that they would mistrust a while
the moving of beauteous dead mouths throughout
that very proud transparent company
of quivering ghosts-of-love which scarcely sings
drifting in slow diaphanous faint rout),

queen in the inconceivable embrace
of whose tremendous hair that blossom stands
whereof is most desire, yet less than those
twain perfect roses whose ambrosial grace,
goddess, thy crippled thunder-forging groom
or the loud lord of skipping maenads knows,—
having Discordia's apple in thy hands,
which the scared shepherd gave thee for his doom—

O thou within the chancel of whose charms
the tall boy god of everlasting war
received the shuddering sacrament of sleep,
betwixt whose cool incorrigible arms
impaled upon delicious mystery,
with gaunt limbs reeking of the whispered deep,
deliberate groping ocean fondled o'er
the warm long flower of unchastity,

imperial Cytherea, from frail foam
sprung with irrevocable nakedness
to strike the young world into smoking song—
as the first star perfects the sensual dome
of darkness, and the sweet strong final bird
transcends the sight, O thou to whom belong
the hearts of lovers!—I beseech thee bless
thy suppliant singer and his wandering word.

OF NICOLETTE

dreaming in marble all the castle lay
like some gigantic ghost-flower born of night
blossoming in white towers to the moon,
soft sighed the passionate darkness to the tune
of tiny troubadours, and (phantom-white)
dumb-blooming boughs let fall their glorious snows,
and the unearthly sweetness of a rose
swam upward from the troubled heart of May;

a Winged Passion woke and one by one
there fell upon the night, like angel's tears,
the syllables of that mysterious prayer,
and as an opening lily drowsy-fair
(when from her couch of poppy petals peers
the sleepy morning) gently draws apart
her curtains, and lays bare her trembling heart,
with beads of dew made jewels by the sun,

so one high shining tower (which as a glass

turned light to flame and blazed with snowy fire)
unfolding,gave the moon a nymphlike face,
a form whose snowy symmetry of grace
haunted the limbs as music haunts the lyre,
a creature of white hands,who letting fall
a thread of lustre from the castle wall
glided,a drop of radiance,to the grass—

shunning the sudden moonbeam's treacherous snare
she sought the harbouring dark,and(catching up
her delicate silk)all white,with shining feet,
went forth into the dew:right wildly beat
her heart at every kiss of daisy-cup,
and from her cheek the beauteous colour went
with every bough that reverently bent
to touch the yellow wonder of her hair.

SONGS

I

(thee will i praise between those rivers whose
white voices pass upon forgetting(fail
me not)whose courseless waters are a gloat
of silver;o'er whose night three willows wail,
a slender dimness in the unshapeful hour
making dear moan in tones of stroked flower;
let not thy lust one threaded moment lose:
haste)the very shadowy sheep float
free upon terrific pastures pale,

whose tall mysterious shepherd lifts a cheek
teartroubled to the momentary wind
with guiding smile,lips wisely minced for blown
kisses,condemnatory fingers thinned
of pity—so he stands counting the moved
myriads wonderfully loved,
(hasten, it is the moment which shall seek
all blossoms that do learn,scents of not known
musics in whose careful eyes are dinned;

and the people of perfect darkness fills
his mind who will their hungering whispers hear
with weepings soundless,saying of "alas
we were chaste on earth we ghosts:hark to the sheer
cadence of our grey flesh in the gloom!
and still to be immortal is our doom;
but a rain frailly raging whom the hills
sink into and their sunsets,it shall pass.
Our feet tread sleepless meadows sweet with fear")

then be with me:unseriously seem
by the perusing greenness of thy thought
my golden soul fabulously to glue
in a superior terror;be thy taut
flesh silver, like the currency of faint
cities eternal—ere the sinless taint

of thy long sinful arms about me dream
shall my love wholly taste thee as a new
wine from steep hills by darkness softly brought –

(be with me in the sacred witchery
of almostness which May makes follow soon
on the sweet heels of passed afterday,
clothe thy soul's coming merely, with a croon
of mingling robes musically revealed
in rareness: let thy twain eyes deeply wield
a noise of petals falling silently
through the far-spaced possible nearaway
from huge trees drenched by a rounding moon)

II

when life is quite through with
and leaves say alas,
much is to do
for the swallow, that closes
a flight in the blue;

when love's had his tears out,
perhaps shall pass
a million years
(while a bee dozes
on the poppies, the dears;

when all's done and said, and
under the grass
lies her head
by oaks and roses
deliberated.)

III

Always before your voice my soul
half-beautiful and wholly droll
is as some smooth and awkward foal,
whereof young moons begin
the newness of his skin,

so of my stupid sincere youth
the exquisite failure uncouth
discovers a trembling and smooth
Unstrength, against the strong
silences of your song;

or as a single lamb whose sheen
of full unsheared fleece is mean
beside its lovelier friends, between
your thoughts more white than wool
My thought is sorrowful:

but my heart smote in trembling thirds
of anguish quivers to your words,

As to a flight of thirty birds
shakes with a thickening fright
the sudden fooled light.

it is the autumn of a year:
When through the thin air stooped with fear,
across the harvest whitely peer
empty of surprise
death's faultless eyes

(whose hand my folded soul shall know
while on faint hills do frailly go
The peaceful terrors of the snow,
and before your dead face
which sleeps, a dream shall pass)

and these my days their sounds and flowers
Fall in a pride of petaled hours,
like flowers at the feet of mowers
whose bodies strong with love
through meadows hugely move.

yet what am i that such and such
mysteries very simply touch
me, whose heart-wholeness overmuch
Expects of your hair pale,
a terror musical?

while in an earthless hour my fond
soul seriously yearns beyond
this fern of sunset frond on frond
opening in a rare
Slowness of gloried air...

The flute of morning stilled in noon—
noon the implacable bassoon—
now Twilight seeks the thrill of moon,
washed with a wild and thin
despair of violin

IV

Thy fingers make early flowers of
all things.
thy hair mostly the hours love:
a smoothness which
sings, saying
(though love be a day)
do not fear, we will go amaying.

thy whitest feet crisply are straying.
Always
thy moist eyes are at kisses playing,
whose strangeness much
says; singing
(though love be a day)
for which girl art thou flowers bringing?

To be thy lips is a sweet thing
and small.
Death, Thee i call rich beyond wishing
if this thou catch,
else missing.
(though love be a day
and life be nothing, it shall not stop kissing).

V

All in green went my love riding
on a great horse of gold
into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling
the merry deer ran before.

Fleeter be they than dappled dreams
the swift sweet deer
the red rare deer,

Four red roebuck at a white water
the cruel bugle sang before.

Horn at hip went my love riding
riding the echo down
into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling
the level meadows ran before.

Softer be they than slippered sleep
the lean lithe deer
the fleet flown deer.

Four fleet does at a gold valley
the famished arrow sang before.

Bow at belt went my love riding
riding the mountain down
into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling
the sheer peaks ran before.

Paler be they than daunting death
the sleek slim deer
the tall tense deer.

Four tall stags at a green mountain
the lucky hunter sang before.

All in green went my love riding
on a great horse of gold
into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling
my heart fell dead before.

VI

Where's Madge then,
Madge and her men?
buried with
Alice in her hair,
(but if you ask the rain
he'll not tell where.)

beauty makes terms
with time and his worms,
when loveliness
says sweetly Yes
to wind and cold;
and how much earth
is Madge worth?
Inquire of the flower that sways in the autumn
she will never guess.
but i know

VII

Doll's boy 's asleep
under a stile
he sees eight and twenty
ladies in a line

the first lady
says to nine ladies
his lips drink water
but his heart drinks wine

the tenth lady
says to nine ladies
they must chain his foot
for his wrist 's too fine

the nineteenth
says to nine ladies
you take his mouth
for his eyes are mine.

Doll's boy 's asleep
under the stile
for every mile the feet go
the heart goes nine

VIII

cruelly, love
walk the autumn long;
the last flower in whose hair,
thy lips are cold with songs

for which is
first to wither, to pass?
shallowness of sunlight
falls and, cruelly,
across the grass
Comes the
moon

love, walk the
autumn
love, for the last
flower in the hair withers;
thy hair is a cold with
dreams,
love thou art frail

—walk the longness of autumn
smile dustily to the people,
for winter
who crookedly care.

IX

when god lets my body be

From each brave eye shall sprout a tree
fruit that dangles therefrom

the purpled world will dance upon
Between my lips which did sing

a rose shall beget the spring
that maidens whom passion wastes

will lay between their little breasts
My strong fingers beneath the snow

Into strenuous birds shall go
my love walking in the grass

their wings will touch with her face
and all the while shall my heart be

With the bulge and nuzzle of the sea

PUELLA MEA

Harun Omar and Master Hafiz
keep your dead beautiful ladies.
Mine is a little lovelier
than any of your ladies were.

In her perfectest array
my lady, moving in the day,
is a little stranger thing
than crisp Sheba with her king

in the morning wandering.

Through the young and awkward hours
my lady perfectly moving,
through the new world scarce astir
my fragile lady wandering
in whose perishable poise
is the mystery of Spring
(with her beauty more than snow
dexterous and fugitive
my very frail lady drifting
distinctly, moving like a myth
in the uncertain morning, with
April feet like sudden flowers
and all her body filled with May)
—moving in the unskilful day
my lady utterly alive,
to me is a more curious thing
(a thing more nimble and complete)
than ever to Judea's king
were the shapely sharp cunning
and withal delirious feet
of the Princess Salomé
carefully dancing in the noise
of Herod's silence, long ago.

If she a little turn her head
i know that i am wholly dead:
nor ever did on such a throat
the lips of Tristram slowly dote,
La beale Isoud whose leman was.
And if my lady look at me
(with her eyes which like two elves
incredibly amuse themselves)
with a look of faerie,
perhaps a little suddenly
(as sometimes the improbable
beauty of my lady will)
—at her glance my spirit shies
rearing (as in the miracle
of a lady who had eyes
which the king's horses might not kill.)

But should my lady smile, it were
a flower of so pure surprise
(it were so very new a flower,
a flower so frail, a flower so glad)
as trembling used to yield with dew
when the world was young and new
(a flower such as the world had
in Springtime when the world was mad
and Launcelot spoke to Guenever,
a flower which most heavy hung
with silence when the world was young
and Diarmuid looked in Grania's eyes.)

But should my lady's beauty play
at not speaking (sometimes as
it will) the silence of her face
doth immediately make
in my heart so great a noise,
as in the sharp and thirsty blood

of Paris would not all the Troys
of Helen's beauty:never did
Lord Jason(in impossible things
victorious impossibly)
so wholly burn,to undertake
Medea's rescuing eyes;nor he
when swooned the white egyptian day
who with Egypt's body lay.

Lovely as those ladies were
mine is a little lovelier.

And if she speaks in her frail way,
it is wholly to bewitch
my smallest thought with a most swift
radiance wherein slowly drift
murmurous things divinely bright;
it is foolingly to smite
my spirit with the lithe free twitch
of scintillant space,with the cool writhe
of gloom truly which syncopate
some sunbeam's skilful fingerings;
It is utterly to lull
with foliate inscrutable
sweetness my soul obedient;
it is to stroke my being with
numbing forests frolicsome,
fleetly mystical,aroam
with keen creatures of idiom
(beings alert and innocent
very deftly upon which
indolent miracles impinge)
-it is distinctly to confute
my reason with the deep caress
of every most shy thing and mute,
it is to quell me with the twinge
of all living intense things.

Never my soul so fortunate
is(past the luck of all dead men
and loving)as invisibly when
upon her palpable solitude
a furtive occult fragrance steals,
a gesture of immaculate
perfume-whereby(with fear aglow)
my soul is wont wholly to know
the poignant instantaneous fern
whose scrupulous enchanted fronds
toward all things intrinsic yearn,
the immanent subliminal
fern of her delicious voice
(of her voice which always dwells
beside the vivid magical
impetuous and utter ponds
of dream;and very secret food
its leaves inimitable find
beyond the white authentic springs,
beyond the sweet instinctive wells,
which make to flourish the minute
spontaneous meadow of her mind)

–the vocal fern,always which feels
the keen ecstatic actual tread
(and thereto perfectly responds)
of all things exquisite and dead,
all living things and beautiful.
(Caliph and king their ladies had
to love them and to make them glad,
when the world was young and mad,
in the city of Bagdad–
mine is a little lovelier
than any of those ladies were.)

Her body is most beauteous,
being for all things amorous
fashioned very curiously
of roses and of ivory.
The immaculate crisp head
is such as only certain dead
and careful painters love to use
for their youngest angels(whose
praising bodies in a row
between slow glories fleetly go.)
Upon a keen and lovely throat
the strangeness of her face doth float,
which in eyes and lips consists
–always upon the mouth there trysts
curvingly a fragile smile
which like a flower lieth(while
within the eyes is dimly heard
a wistful and precarious bird.)
Springing from fragrant shoulders small,
ardent,and perfectly withal
smooth to stroke and sweet to see
as a supple and young tree,
her slim lascivious arms alight
in skilful wrists which hint at flight
–my lady's very singular
and slenderest hands moreover are
(which as lilies smile and quail)
of all things perfect the most frail.

(Whoso rideth in the tale
of Chaucer knoweth many a pair
of companions blithe and fair;
who to walk with Master Gower
in Confessio doth prefer
shall not lack for beauty there,
nor he that will amaying go
with my lord Boccaccio–
whoso knocketh at the door
of Marie and of Maleore
findeth of ladies goodly store
whose beauty did in nothing err.
If to me there shall appear
than a rose more sweetly known,
more silently than a flower,
my lady naked in her hair–
i for those ladies nothing care
nor any lady dead and gone.)

Each tapering breast is firm and smooth
that in a lovely fashion doth
from my lady's body grow;
as morning may a lily know,
her petaled flesh doth entertain
the adroit blood's mysterious skein
(but like some passionate earlier
flower, the snow will oft utter,
whereof the year has perfect bliss—
for each breast a blossom is,
which being a little while caressed
its fragrance makes the lover blest.)
Her waist is a most tiny hinge
of flesh, a winsome thing and strange;
apt in my hand warmly to lie
it is a throbbing neck whereby
to grasp the belly's ample vase
(that urgent urn which doth amass
for whoso drinks, a dizzier wine
than should the grapes of heaven combine
with earth's madness)—'tis a gate
unto a palace intricate
(whereof the luscious pillars rise
which are her large and shapely thighs)
in whose dome the trembling bliss
of a kingdom wholly is.

Beneath her thighs such legs are seen
as were the pride of the world's queen:
each is a verb, miraculous
inflected oral devious,
beneath the body's breathing noun
(moreover the delicious frown
of the grave great sensual knees
well might any monarch please.)
Each ankle is divinely shy;
as if for fear you would espy
the little distinct foot (if whose
very minuteness doth abuse
reason, why then the artificer
did most exquisitely err.)

When the world was like a song
heard behind a golden door,
poet and sage and caliph had
to love them and to make them glad
ladies with lithe eyes and long
(when the world was like a flower
Omar Hafiz and Harun
loved their ladies in the moon)
—fashioned very curiously
of roses and of ivory
if naked she appears to me
my flesh is an enchanted tree;
with her lips' most frail parting
my body hears the cry of Spring,
and with their frailest syllable
its leaves go crisp with miracle.

Love!—maker of my lady,
in that always beyond this
poem or any poem she
of whose body words are afraid
perfectly beautiful is,
forgive these words which i have made.
And never boast your dead beauties,
you greatest lovers in the world!
who with Grania strangely fled,
who with Egypt went to bed,
whom white-thighed Semiramis
put up her mouth to wholly kiss—
never boast your dead beauties,
mine being unto me sweeter
(of whose shy delicious glance
things which never more shall be,
perfect things of faerie,
are intense inhabitants;
in whose warm superlative
body do distinctly live
all sweet cities passed away—
in her flesh at break of day
are the smells of Nineveh,
in her eyes when day is gone
are the cries of Babylon.)
Diarmuid Paris and Solomon,
Omar Harun and Master Hafiz,
to me your ladies are all one—
keep your dead beautiful ladies.

Eater of all things lovely—Time!
upon whose watering lips the world
poises a moment(futile,proud,
a costly morsel of sweet tears)
gesticulates,and disappears—
of all dainties which do crowd
gaily upon oblivion
sweeter than any there is one;
to touch it is the fear of rhyme—
in life's very fragile hour
(when the world was like a tale
made of laughter and of dew,
was a flight,a flower,a flame,
was a tendril fleetly curled
upon frailness)used to stroll
(very slowly)one or two
ladies like flowers made,
softly used to wholly move
slender ladies made of dream
(in the lazy world and new
sweetly used to laugh and love
ladies with crisp eyes and frail,
in the city of Bagdad.)

Keep your dead beautiful ladies
Harun Omar and Master Hafiz.

CHANSONS INNOCENTES

I

in Just-

spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful
the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's
spring
and
the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles
far
and
wee

II

hist whist
little ghostthings
tip-toe
twinkle-toe

little twitchy
witches and tingling
goblins
hob-a-nob hob-a-nob

little hoppy happy
toad in tweeds
tweeds
little itchy mousies
with scuttling
eyes rustle and run and
hidehidehide -

whisk

whisk look out for the old woman
with the wart on her nose
what she'll do to yer
nobody knows

for she knows the devil ooch
the devil ouch
the devil
ach the great

green
dancing
devil
devil

devil
devil

wheeEEE

III

little tree
little silent Christmas tree
you are so little
you are more like a flower

who found you in the green forest
and were you very sorry to come away?
see i will comfort you
because you smell so sweetly

i will kiss your cool bark
and hug you safe and tight
just as your mother would,
only don't be afraid

look the spangles
that sleep all the year in a dark box
dreaming of being taken out and allowed to shine,
the balls the chains red and gold the fluffy threads,

put up your little arms
and i'll give them all to you to hold
every finger shall have its ring
and there won't be a single place dark or unhappy

then when you're quite dressed
you'll stand in the window for everyone to see
and how they'll stare!
oh but you'll be very proud

and my little sister and i will take hands
and looking up at our beautiful tree
we'll dance and sing
"Noel Noel"

IV

why did you go
little fourpaws?
you forgot to shut
your big eyes.

where did you go?
like little kittens
are all the leaves
which open in the rain.

little kittens who
are called spring,
is what we stroke
maybe asleep?

answer
thy mouth is as
a chord of crimson music
Come hither

do you know?or maybe di
aed O thou,jis life not a smile?

something go away
ever so quietly

when we weren't looking,

V

Tumbling-hair
 picker of buttercups violets
dandelions
And the big bullying daisies through the field wonderful
with eyes a little sorry
Another comes also picking flowers

ORIENTALE

I

i spoke to thee
with a smile and thou didst not
answer
thy mouth is as
a chord of crimson music
 Come hither

O thou, is life not a smile?

i spoke to thee with
a song and thou
didst not listen
thine eyes are as a vase
of divine silence

Come hither

O thou, is life not a song?

i spoke
to thee with a soul and
thou didst not wonder
thy face is as a dream locked
in white fragrance

Come hither

O thou, is life not love?

i speak to
thee with a sword
and thou art silent
thy breast is as a tomb
softer than flowers

Come hither

O thou, is love not death?

II

my love
thy hair is one kingdom
the king whereof is darkness
thy forehead is a flight of flowers

thy head is a quick forest
filled with sleeping birds
thy breasts are swarms of white bees
upon the bough of thy body
thy body to me is April
in whose armpits is the approach of spring

thy thighs are white horses yoked to a chariot
of kings
they are the striking of a good minstrel
between them is always a pleasant song

my love
thy head is a casket
of the cool jewel of thy mind
the hair of thy head is one warrior
innocent of defeat
thy hair upon thy shoulders is an army
with victory and with trumpets

thy legs are the trees of dreaming
whose fruit is the very eatage of forgetfulness

thy lips are satraps in scarlet
in whose kiss is the combining of kings

thy wrists
are holy
 which are the keepers of thy keys of thy blood
thy feet upon thy ankles are flowers in vases
 of silver
in thy beauty is the dilemma of flutes

 thy eyes are the betrayal
of bells comprehended through incense

III

listen
beloved
i dreamed
 it appeared that you thought to
 escape me and became a great
 lily atilt on
 insolent
 waters but i was aware of
 fragrance and i came riding upon
 a horse of porphyry into the
 waters i rode down the red
 horse shrieking from splintering
 foam caught you clutched you upon my
 mouth

listen
beloved
 i dreamed in my dream you had
 desire to thwart me and became
 a little bird and hid
 in a tree of tall marble
 from a great way i distinguished
 singing and i came
 riding upon a scarlet sunset
 trampling the night easily
 from the shocked impossible
 tower i caught
 you strained you
 broke you upon my blood

listen
beloved i dreamed
 i thought you would have deceived
 me and became a star in the kingdom
 of heaven
 through day and space i saw you close
 your eyes and i came riding
 upon a thousand crimson years arched with agony
 i reined them in tottering before
 the throne and as
 they shied at the automaton moon from
 the transplendent hand of sombre god
 i picked you
as an apple is picked by the little peasants for their girls

IV

unto thee i
burn incense
the bowl crackles
upon the gloom arise purple pencils

fluent spires of fragrance
the bowl
seethes
a flutter of stars

a turbulence of forms
delightful with indefinable flowering,
the air is
deep with desirable flowers

i think
thou lovest incense
for in the ambiguous faint aspirings
the indolent frail ascensions,

of thy smile rises the immaculate
sorrow
of thy low
hair flutter the level litanies

unto thee i burn
incense, over the dim smoke
straining my lips are vague with
ecstasy my palpitating breasts inhale the

slow
supple
flower
of thy beauty, my heart discovers thee

unto
whom i
burn
olbanum

V

lean candles hunger in
the silence a
brown god
smiles between greentwittering

smokes from broken eyes
a sound
of strangling breasts and bestial
grovelling
hands rasps the purple
dark-
ness
a

worshipper
prostrate within twitching shadow
lolls

sobbing

with lust

VI

1.

the emperor
sleeps in a palace of porphyry
which was a million years building
he takes the air in a howdah
of jasper beneath saffron
umbrellas
upon an elephant
twelve feet high
behind whose ear
sits always a crowned
king twir-
ling an
ankus of
ebony
the fountains of the emperor's
palace run sunlight and
moonlight and the emperor's
elephant is a thousand years old

the harem of
the emperor
is carpeted with
gold cloth
from the
ceiling(one
diamond timid
with nesting incense)
fifty
marble
pillars
slipped from immeasurable
height,fall,fifty,silent

in the incense is tangled a cool moon

there are thrice-three-hundred
doors carved of chalcedony and
before every door a naked
eunuch watches
on their heads turbans of a hundred
colours
in their hands scimitars like windy torches
each
is
blackier than oblivion

the ladies
of the emperor's
harem are queens
of all the earth and the rings
upon their hands are from mines
a mile deep
but the body of
the queen of queens is
more transparent
than water, she is softer than birds

2.

when the emperor is very
amorous he reclines upon
the couch of couches and
beckons with
the little
finger of his left
hand
then the
thrice-three-hundredth
door is opened by the tallest
eunuch and the queen
of queens comes
forth
ankles
musical with large pearls
kingdoms in her ears

at the feet of
the emperor a cithern-
player squats with
quivering gold
body
behind
the emperor ten
elected warriors with
bodies of lazy jade
and twitching
eyelids
finger
their
unquiet
spears

the queen of queens is dancing
her subtle
body weaving
insinuating upon the gold cloth
incessantly creates patterns of sudden
lust
her
stealing body ex-
pending gathering pouring upon itself stiffens
to a
white thorn
of desire

the taut neck of the citharede wags
in the dust the ghastly warriors
amber with lust breathe
together the emperor, exerting
himself among his pillows throws
jewels at the queen of queens and
white money upon her nakedness
he
nods
and all
depart through the bruised air aflutter with pearls

3.

they are
alone
he beckons, she rises she
stands
a moment
in the passion of the fifty
pillars
listening

while the queens of all the
earth writhe upon deep rugs

AMORES

I

your little voice
Over the wires came leaping
and i felt suddenly
dizzy
With the jostling and shouting of merry flowers
wee skipping high-heeled flames
courtesied before my eyes
or twinkling over to my side
Looked up
with impertinently exquisite faces
floating hands were laid upon me
I was whirled and tossed into delicious dancing
up
Up
with the pale important
stars and the Humorous
moon
dear girl
How i was crazy how i cried when i heard
over time
and tide and death
leaping
Sweetly
your voice

II

in the rain-
darkness, the sunset
being sheathed i sit and
think of you

the holy
city which is your face
your little cheeks the streets
of smiles

your eyes half-
thrush
half-angel and your drowsy
lips where float flowers of kiss

and
there is the sweet shy pirouette
your hair
and then

your dancesong
soul. rarely-beloved
a single star is
uttered, and i

think
 of you

III

there is a
moon sole
in the blue
night

 amorous of waters

tremulous,
blinded with silence the
undulous heaven yearns where

in tense starlessness
anooint with ardor
the yellow lover

stands in the dumb dark
svelte
and
urgent

 (again
love i slowly
gather
of thy languorous mouth the

thrilling

flower)

IV

consider O
woman this
my body.
for it has

lain
with empty arms
upon the giddy hills
to dream of you,

approve these
firm unsated
eyes
which have beheld

night's speechless carnival
the painting
of the dark
with meteors

streaming from playful
immortal hands
the bursting
of the wafted stars

(in time to come you shall
remember of this night amazing
ecstasies slowly,
in the gluttoned

heart fleet
flower terrible
memories
shall

rise, slowly
return upon the
red elected lips

scaleless visions)

V

as is the sea marvelous
from god's
hands which sent her forth
to sleep upon the world

and the earth withers
the moon crumbles
one by one

stars flutter into dust

but the sea
does not change
and she goes forth out of hands and
she returns into hands

and is with sleep....

love,
 the breaking

of your
 soul
 upon
my lips

VI

into the smiting
sky tense
with
blend

ing
the
tree leaps
 a stiffened exquisite

i
wait the sweet
annihilation of swift
flesh

i make me stern against
your charming strength

O haste
 annihilator
drawing into you my enchanting
leaves

VII

if i believe
in death be sure
of this
it is

because you have loved me,
moon and sunset
stars and flowers
gold crescendo and silver muting

of seatides
i trusted not,

one night
when in my fingers

drooped your shining body
when my heart
sang between your perfect
breasts

darkness and beauty of stars
was on my mouth petals danced
against my eyes
and down

the singing reaches of
my soul
spoke
the green-

greeting pale-
departing irrevocable
sea
i knew thee death.

 and when
i have offered up each fragrant
night,when all my days
shall have before a certain

face become
white
perfume
only,

 from the ashes
then
thou wilt rise and thou
wilt come to her and brush

the mischief from her eyes and fold
her
mouth the new
flower with

thy unimaginable
wings,where dwells the breath
of all persisting stars

VIII

the glory is fallen out of
the sky the last immortal
leaf
is

dead and the gold
year
a formal spasm
in the

dust
this is the passing of all shining things
therefore we also
blandly

into receptive
earth, O let
us
descend

take
shimmering wind
these fragile splendors from
us crumple them hide

them in thy breath drive
them in nothingness
for we
would sleep

this is the passing of all shining things
no lingering no backward-
wondering be unto
us O

soul, but straight
glad feet fear-ruining
and glory-girded
faces

lead us
into the
serious
steep

darkness

IX

i like
to think that on
the flower you gave me when we
loved

the far-
departed mouth sweetly-saluted
lingers.
if one marvel

seeing the hunger of my
lips for a dead thing,
i shall instruct
him silently with becoming

steps to seek
your face and i
entreat, by certain foolish perfect

hours

dead too,
if that he come receive
him as your lover sumptuously
being

kind
because i trust him to
your grace, and for
in his own land

he is called death.

X

after five
times the poem
of thy remembrance
surprises with refrain

of unreasoning summer
that by responding
ways cloaked with renewal
my body turns toward

thee
again for the stars have been
finished in the nobler trees and
the language of leaves repeats

eventual perfection
while east deserves of dawn.
i lie at length, breathing
with shut eyes

the sweet earth where thou liest

XI

O Distinct
Lady of my unkempt adoration
if i have made
a fragile certain

song under the window of your soul
it is not like any songs
(the singers the others
they have been faithful

to many things and which
die
i have been sometimes true
to Nothing and which lives

they were fond of the handsome

moon never spoke ill of the
pretty stars and to
the serene the complicated

and the obvious
they were faithful
and which i despise,
frankly

admitting i have been true
only to the noise of worms,
in the eligible day
under the unaccountable sun)

Distinct Lady
swiftly take
my fragile certain song
that we may watch together

how behind the doomed
exact smile of life's
placid obscure palpable
carnival where to a normal

melody of probable violins dance
the square virtues and the oblong sins
perfectly
gesticulate the accurate

strenuous lips of incorruptible
Nothing under the ample
sun, under the insufficient
day under the noise of worms

LA GUERRE

I

Humanity i love you
because you would rather black the boots of
success than enquire whose soul dangles from his
watch-chain which would be embarrassing for both

parties and because you
unflinchingly applaud all
songs containing the words country home and
mother when sung at the old howard

Humanity i love you because
when you're hard up you pawn your
intelligence to buy a drink and when
you're flush pride keeps

you from the pawn shop and
because you are continually committing
nuisances but more

especially in your own house

Humanity i love you because you
are perpetually putting the secret of
life in your pants and forgetting
it's there and sitting down

on it
and because you are
forever making poems in the lap
of death Humanity

i hate you

II

earth like a tipsy
biddy with an old mop punching
underneath
conventions exposes

hidden obscenities
nudging
into neglected sentiments brings
to light dusty

heroisms
and
finally colliding with the most
expensive furniture upsets

a
crucifix which smashes into several
pieces and is hurriedly picked up and
thrown on the ash-heap

where
lies
 what was once the discobolus of
one

Myron

III

the bigness of cannon
is skilful,

but i have seen
death's clever enormous voice

which hides in a fragility
of poppies....

i say that sometimes
on these long talkative animals

are laid fists of huger silence.

I have seen all the silence
filled with vivid noiseless boys

at Roupy
i have seen
between barrages,

the night utter ripe unspeaking girls.

IV

little ladies more
than dead exactly dance
in my head,precisely
dance where danced la guerre.

Mimi à
la voix fragile
qui chatouille Des
Italiens

the putain with the ivory throat
Marie Louise Lallemand
n'est-ce pas que je suis belle
chéri? les anglais m'aiment
tous, les américains
aussi...."bon dos,bon cul de Paris"(Marie

Vierge
Priez
Pour
Nous)

with the
long lips of
Lucienne which dangle
the old men and hot
men se promènent
doucement le soir(ladies

accurately dead les anglais
sont gentils et les américains
aussi,ils payent bien les américains dance

exactly in my brain voulez-
vous coucher avec
moi? Non? pourquoi?)

ladies skilfully
dead precisely dance
where has danced la
guerre j'm'appelle
Manon,cinq rue Henri Monnier
voulez-vous coucher avec moi?
te ferai Mimi
te ferai Minette,

dead exactly dance
si vous voulez
chatouiller
mon lézard ladies suddenly
j'm'en fous des négres

(in the twilight of Paris
Marie Louise with queenly
legs cing rue Henri

Monnier a little love
begs, Mimi with the body
like une boîte à joujoux, want nice sleep?
toutes les petites femmes exactes
qui dansent toujours in my
head dis-donc, Paris

ta gorge mystérieuse
pourquoi se promène-t-elle, pourquoi
éclate ta voix
fragile couleur de pivoine?)
with the

long lips of Lucienne which
dangle the old men and hot men
precisely dance in my head
ladies carefully dead

V

O sweet spontaneous
earth how often have
the
doting

fingers of
prurient philosophers pinched
and
poked

thee
, has the naughty thumb
of science prodded
thy

beauty .how
often have religions taken
thee upon their scraggy knees
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive
gods
(but
true

to the incomparable
couch of death thy
rhythmic

lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)

IMPRESSIONS

I

Lady of Silence
from the winsome cage of
thy body
rose

through the sensible
night

a
quick bird

(tenderly upon
the dark's prodigious face
thy
voice

scattering perfume-gifted
wings
suddenly escorts
with feet
sun-sheer

the smarting beauty of dawn)

II

the sky a silver
dissonance by the correct
fingers of April
resolved

into a
clutter of trite jewels

now like a moth with stumbling

wings flutters and flops along the
grass collides with trees and
houses and finally,
butts into the river

III

writhe and

gape of tortured

perspective
rasp and graze of splintered

normality

crackle and
sag

of planes clamors of
collision
collapse As

peacefully,
lifted
into the awful beauty
 of sunset

 the young city
putting off dimension with a blush
enters
the becoming garden of her agony

IV

the hills
like poets put on
purple thought against
the

magnificent clamor of
 day

tortured
in gold, which presently

crumpled
collapses
exhaling a red soul into the dark

so
duneyed master
enter
the sweet gates

 of my heart and

take
the
rose,

which perfect
is
With killing hands

V

stinging
gold swarms
upon the spires
silver

 chants the litanies the
great bells are ringing with rose
the lewd fat bells
 and a tall

wind
is dragging
the
sea

with

dream
-S

VI

the
 sky
 was
can dy lu
minous
 edible
spry
 pinks shy
lemons
greens coo l choc
olate
s.

un der,
a lo
co
mo
 tive s pout
 ing
 vi
 o
 lets

VII

i was considering how
within night's loose
sack a star's
nibbling in-

fin
-i-
tes-
i

-mal-
ly devours

darkness the
hungry star
which
will e

-ven
tu-
al
-ly jiggle
the bait of
dawn and be jerked

into

eternity. when over my head a
shooting
star
Bur s

(t
into a stale shriek
like an alarm-clock)

VIII

between green
mountains
sings the flinger
of

fire beyond red rivers
of fair perpetual
feet the
sinuous

riot
the
flashing
bacchant.

partedpetaled
mouth, face
delirious. indivisible

grace

of dancing

IX

the hours rise up putting off stars and it is
dawn
into the street of the sky light walks scattering poems

on earth a candle is
extinguished the city
wakes

with a song upon her
mouth having death in her eyes

and it is dawn
the world
goes forth to murder dreams....

i see in the street where strong
men are digging bread
and i see the brutal faces of
people contented hideous hopeless cruel happy

and it is day,

in the mirror
i see a frail
man
dreaming
dreams
dreams in the mirror

and it
is dusk on earth

a candle is lighted
and it is dark.
the people are in their houses
the frail man is in his bed
the city

sleeps with death upon her mouth having a song in her eyes
the hours descend,
putting on stars....

in the street of the sky night walks scattering poems

X

i will wade out
 till my thighs are steeped in burning flowers

I will take the sun in my mouth
and leap into the ripe air
 Alive
 with closed eyes

to dash against darkness
 in the sleeping curves of my body
Shall enter fingers of smooth mastery
with chasteness of sea-girls
 Will i complete the mystery
 of my flesh

I will rise

After a thousand years
lipping
flowers
And set my teeth in the silver of the moon

PORTRAITS

I

of my
soul a street is:
prettinesses Pic-
abian tricktrickclickflick-er
garnished
of stark Picasso
throttling trees

hither
my soul

repairs herself with
prisms of sharp mind
and Matisse rhythms
to juggle Kandinsky gold-fish

away from the gripping gigantic
muscles of Cézanne's
logic,
 oho.
 a street
there is

where strange birds purr

II

being
twelve
who hast merely
gonorrhea

 Oldeyed
child, to
ambitious weeness
of boots

tiny
add
death
what

shall?

III

as usual i did not find him in cafes, the more dissolute atmosphere
of a street superimposing a numbing imperfectness upon such peregrina-
tions as twilight spontaneously by inevitable tiredness of flang-
ing shop-girls impersonally affords furnished a soft first clue to
his innumerable whereabouts violet logic of annihilation demon-
strating from woolworthian pinnacle a capable millennium of faces
meshing with my curiously instant appreciation exposed his hiber-
native contours,
aimiable immensity impeccably extending the courtesy of five o'clock
became the omen of his presence it was spring by the way in the
soiled canary-cage of largest existence

(when he would extemporise the innovation of muscularity upon the
most crimson assistance of my comforter a click of deciding glory
inflicted to the negative silence that primeval exposure whose elec-
tric solidity remembers some accurately profuse scratchings in a
recently discovered cave, the carouse of geometrical putrescence
whereto my invariably commendable room has been forever subject his
Earliest word wheeled out on the sunny dump of oblivion)

a tiny dust finely arising at the integration of my soul i coughed
,naturally

IV

the skinny voice

of the leatherfaced
woman with the crimson
nose and coquettishly-
cocked bonnet

having ceased the

captain
announces that as three
dimes seven nickels and ten
pennies have been deposited upon

the drum there is need

of just twenty five cents
dear friends
to make it an even
dollar whereupon

the Divine Average who was

attracted by the inspired
sister's howling moves
off
will anyone tell him why he should

blow two bits for the coming of Christ Jesus

?
??
???
!

nix, kid

V

Babylon slim
-ness of
evenslicing
eyes are chisels
scarlet Goes
with her
whitehot
face, gashed

by hair's blue cold

jolts of
lovecrazed abrupt

flesh split "Pretty
Baby"
to
numb rhythm before christ

VI

the dress was a suspicious madder, importing the cruelty of roses.
The exciting simplicity of her hipless body, pausing to invent imperceptible bulgings of the pretended breasts, forked in surprising unliving eyes chopped by a swollen inanity of picture hat.

the arms hung ugly., the hands sharp and impertinently dead.
expression began with the early cessation of her skirt. fleshless melody of the, keenly lascivious legs. painful ankles large acute brutal feet propped on irrelevantly ferocious heels.

Her gasping slippery body moved with the hideous spontaneity of a solemn mechanism. beneath her drab tempo of hasteful futility lived brilliantly the enormous rhythm of absurdity.

skin like the poisonous fragility of ice newly formed upon an old pool. Her nose was small, exact, stupid. mouth normal, large, unclever. hair genuinely artificial, unpleasantly tremendous.

under flat lusts of light her nice concupiscence appeared rounded.

if she were alive, death was amusing

VII

of evident invisibles
exquisite the hovering

at the dark portals

of hurt girl eyes

sincere with wonder

a poise a wounding
a beautiful suppression

the accurate boy mouth

now droops the faun head

now the intimate flower dreams

of parted lips
dim upon the syrinx

VIII

the
nimble
heat
had

long on a certain
taut precarious
holiday
frighteningly

performed
and
at tremont and bromfield i
paused a moment because

on the frying
curb the
quiet face
lay

which had been dorothy
and once
permitted
me for

twenty
iron
men
her common purple

soul
the absurd eyelids sulked
enormous
sobs puckered the foolish

breasts the
droll

mouth
wilted

and not old,harry,a
woman in the crowd
whinnied and a man squeezing her
waist said

the cop 's rung for the
wagon but as i was
lifting the horror
of her toylike

head and vainly
tried to
catch one funny
hand opening the hard great

eyes to noone in particular she
gasped almost
loudly
im

so
drunG

k,dear

IX

ta
ppin
g
toe

hip
popot
amus Back

gen
teel-ly
lugu-
bri ous

eyes
LOOPTHELOOP

as

fathandsbangrag

X

it's just like a coffin's
inside when you die,
pretentious and

shiny and
not too wide

dear god

there's a portrait
over the door very notable of
the sultan's nose pullable and rosy
flanked by the scrumptious magdalene
of whoisit and madame
something by gainsborough

just the playthings
for dust n'est-ce pas

effendi drifts between
tables like an old leaf
between toadstools
he is the cheerfulest of men
his peaked head smoulders
like a new turd in April
his legs are brittle and small
his feet large and fragile
his queer hands twitter before him, like foolish
butterflies
he is the most courteous of men

should you remark the walls have been repapered

he will nod
like buddha
or answer modestly
i am dying

so let us come in together and
drink coffee covered with froth
half-mud
and not too
sweet?

XI

between nose-red gross
walls sprawling with tipsy
tables the abominable
floor belches smoky

laughter into the filigree
frame of a microscopic
stage whose jouncing curtain. , rises
upon one startling doll

undressed in unripe green with
nauseous spiderlegs
and excremental
hair and the eyes of the mother of

god who spits seeds of dead
song about home and love from her
transfigured face a queer

pulp of ecstasy

while in the battered
bodies the odd unlovely
souls struggle slowly and writhe
like caught.brave:flies;

XII

i walked the boulevard

i saw a dirty child
skating on noisy wheels of joy

pathetic dress fluttering

behind her a mothermonster
with red grumbling face

cluttered in pursuit

pleasantly elephantine

while nearby the father

a thick cheerful man

with majestic bulbous lips
and forlorn piggish hands

joked to a girlish whore

with busy rhythmic mouth
and silly purple eyelids

of how she was with child

XIII

5
derbies-with-men-in-them smoke Helmar
cigarettes 2
play backgammon,3 watch

a has gold
teeth b pink

suspenders c
reads Atlantis

x and y play b
cries "effendi" "Uh" "coffee"
"uh" enter
paperboy,c

buys Bawstinamereekin,exit
paperboy a finishes

Helmar lights
another

x and y
play,effendi approaches,sets
down coffee withdraws
a and c discuss news in

```
turkish x and y play b spits
x and
y
play, b starts armenian record
```

nographisrunn
ingd o w, n phonograph
stopS.

```
b swears in persian at phonograph
x wins      exeunt ax:by;c,
Goo dnighfef fendi
. . . .
```

five men in derbies

XIV

the young
man sitting
in Dick Mid's Place
said to Death

teach me of her
Thy yonder servant who
in Thy very house silently
sits looking beyond the

kissing and the striving of
that old man who at her
redstone mouth renews his
childhood

and He
said
"willingly
for the tale is short

it was
i think yourself delivered into
both my hands herself to
always keep"

always?
the young
man sitting in Dick Mid's
Place

asked
"always"
Death
said

"then as i recollect her
girlhood was by the kindly
lips and body fatherly of a
romantic tired business man

somewhat tweaked and dinted
then
did my servant
become of the company of those

ladies with faces painteaten
and bodies lightly
desperate certainly wherefrom
departed is youth's indispensable

illusion"

XV

one April dusk the
sallow street-lamps were turning
snowy against a west of robin's egg blue when
i entered a mad street whose

mouth dripped with slavver of
spring
chased two flights of squirrel-stairs into
a mid-victorian attic which is known as
O NΛPΘENQN

and having ordered

yaoorti from
Nicho'
settled my feet on the

ceiling inhaling six divine inches
of Haremina in
the thick of the snick-
er of cards and smack of back-

gammon boards i was aware of an entirely
dirty circle of habitués their

faces like cigarettebutts, chewed
with disdain, led by a Jumpy

Tramp who played each
card as if it were a thunderbolt red-
hot peeling
off huge slabs of a fuzzy

language with the aid of an exclamatory
tooth-pick

And who may that
be i said exhaling into

eternity as Nicho' laid
before me bread
more downy than street-lamps
upon an almostclean

plate
"Achilles"
said
Nicho'

"and did you perhaps wish also shishkabob?"

XVI

between the breasts
of bestial
Marj lie large
men who praise

Marj's cleancornered strokable
body these men's
fingers toss trunks
shuffle sacks spin kegs they

curl
loving
around
beers

 the world has
these men's hands but their
bodies big and boozing
belong to

Marj
the greenslim purse of whose
face opens
on a fatgold

grin
hooray
hoorah for the large
men who lie

between the breasts
of bestial Marj
for the strong men
who

sleep between the legs of Lil

XVII

but the other
day i was passing a certain
gate, rain
fell(as it will

in spring)
ropes
of silver gliding from sunny
thunder into freshness

as if god's flowers were
pulling upon bells of
gold i looked
up

and
thought to myself Death
and will You with
elaborate fingers possibly touch

the pink hollyhock existence whose
pansy eyes look from morning till
night into the street
unchangingly the always

old lady always sitting in her
gentle window like
a reminiscence
partaken

softly at whose gate smile
always the chosen
flowers of reminding

XVIII

inthe,exquisite;

morning sure lyHer eye s exactly sit,ata little roundtable
among otherlittle roundtables Her,eyes count slow(ly

obstre peroustimidi ties surElyfl)oat iNg,the

ofpieces ofof sunligh tof fa ll in gof throughof treesOf.

(Fields Elysian

the like,a)sLEEPing neck a breathing a ,lies
(slo wlythe wom an pa)ris her
flesh:wakes
in little streets

while exactlygir lisHlegs;play;ing;nake;D
and

chairs wait under the trees

Fields slowly Elysian in

a firmcool-Ness taxis, s.QuirM

and, b etw ee nch air st ott er s thesillyold
WomanSellingBalloonS

In theex qui site

morning,

her surelyeye s sit-ex actly her sitsat a surely!little,
roundtable amongother;littleexactly round. tables,

Her

.eyes

XIX

the rose
is dying the
lips of an old man murder

the petals
hush
mysteriously
invisible mourners move
with prose faces and sobbing,garments
The symbol of the rose

motionless
with grieving feet and
wings
mounts

against the margins of steep song
a stallion sweetness ,the

lips of an old man murder

the petals.

XX

spring omnipotent goddess thou dost
inveigle into crossing sidewalks the
unwary june-bug and the frivolous angleworm
thou dost persuade to serenade his
lady the musical tom-cat,thou stuffest
the parks with overgrown pimply
cavaliers and gumchewing giggly

girls and not content
Spring,with this
thou hangest canary-birds in parlor windows

spring slattern of seasons you
have dirty legs and a muddy
petticoat,drowsy is your

mouth your eyes are sticky
with dreams and you have
a sloppy body
from being brought to bed of crocuses
When you sing in your whiskey-voice the grass
rises on the head of the earth
and all the trees are put on edge

spring,
of the jostle of
thy breasts and the slobber
of your thighs
iam so very glad that the soul inside me Hollers
for thou comest and your hands
are the snow
and thy fingers are the rain,
and i hear
the screech of dissonant
flowers, and most of all
i hear your stepping freakish feet
 feet incorrigible
ragging the world,

XXI

Buffalo Bill 's
defunct who used to
 ride a watersmooth-silver stallion
and break onetwothreefourfive pigeonsjustlikethat Jesus
he was a handsome man and what i want to know is
how do you like your blueeyed boy
Mister Death

XXII

Cleopatra built
like a smooth arrow or
a fleet pillar is eaten
by yesterday
she was a silver tube of wise
lust whose arms and legs
like white squirming pipes
wiggle upon the perfumed roman
strength who how
furiously plays the hot
sweet horrible stops of

her

body
Cleopatra had a
body
it was

thick slim warm moist
built like an organ
and it
loved

he
was a roman theirs was a
music sinuous globular
slippery intense witty huge

and its chords
brittle eager eternal luminous
firmly diminishing have swoopingly
fallen svelte sagging gone into the soaring silence

(put
your smallest
ear against yester-
day My Lady hear

the purple trumpets
blow horses of gold
delicately crouching beneath silver
youths the leaneys

Caesars borne neatly through enormous
twilight surrounded by their triumphs
and
listen well

how the dainty destroyed
hero clamps the hearty sharp
column
of Egypt

,built like a fleet
pillar or a smooth

arrow
Cleopatra is eaten by

yester-
day)
O i tell you out of
the minute incessant Was irrevocably

emanates a dignity of papyruscoloured
faces superbly limp
the ostensible centuries
therefore let us be

a little uncouth and amorous in

memory of Cleopatra and of
Antony
and we will

confuse hotly our moreover irrevocable
bodies while the infinite processions
move like moths and like boys and
like incense and like sunlight

and like ships and like young girls and like
butterflies and like money
and like laughter
and like elephants

through our
single
brain in memory of Cleopatra while
easily

tremendously
floats
in the bright shouting street of time
her nakedness with its blue hair

(all is eaten by yester-
day
between the nibbling timid teethful hours
wilts the stern texture of Now

the arrow and the
pillar pursue curiously
a crumbling flight into the absolute stars
the gods are swallowed

even
Nile
the
kind black great god)

Cleopatra you
are eaten
by yester-
day

(and O My Lady Lady Of
Ladies you
who move beautifully in the winds
of my lust like a high troubling

ship upon the fragrant
unspeaking ignorant darkness of New
Lady whose kiss is
a procession of deep beasts

coming with keen ridiculous
silks coming with sharp languid perfumes
coming with the little profound gems and
the large laughing stones

a sinuous problem of colour
floating against

the clever deadly
heaven i salute

you
whose body is
Egypt
whose hair is Nile)

put your ear
to the ground
there is a music
Lady

the noiseless truth of swirling
worms
is
tomorrow

XXIII

Picasso
you give us Things
which
bulge:grunting lungs pumped full of sharp thick mind

you make us shrill
presents always
shut in the sumptuous screech of
simplicity

(out of the
black unbunged
Something gushes vaguely a squeak of planes
or

between squeals of
Nothing grabbed with circular shrieking tightness
solid screams whisper.)
Lumberman of The Distinct

your brain's
axe only chops hugest inherent
Trees of Ego,from
whose living and biggest

bodies lopped
of every
prettiness

you hew form truly

XXIV

conversation with my friend is particularly

to enjoy the composed sudden body atop which always quivers
the electric Distinct face haughtily vital clinched
in a swoon of synopsis

despite a sadistic modesty his mind is seen frequently
fingering the exact beads of a faultless languor when
invisibly consult with some delicious image the a little
strolling lips and eyes inwardly crisping

for my friend, feeling is the sacred and agonizing proximity
to its desire of a doomed impetuous acute sentience
whose whitehot lips however suddenly approached may never
quite taste the wine which their nearness evaporates

to think is the slippery contours of a vase inexpressibly
fragile it is for the brain irrevocably frigid to touch a
merest shape which however slenderly by it caressed will
explode and spill the immediate imperceptible content

my friend's being, out of the spontaneous clumsy trivial
acrobatic edgeless gesture of existence, continually whittles
keen careful futile flowers

(isolating with perpetually meticulous concupiscence the
bright large undeniable disease of Life, himself occasionally
contrives an unreal precise intrinsic fragment of
actuality),

an orchid whose velocity is sculptural

XXV

my mind is
a big hunk of irrevocable nothing which touch and taste and smell
and hearing and sight keep hitting and chipping with sharp fatal
tools
in an agony of sensual chisels i perform squirms of chrome and execute
strides of cobalt
nevertheless i
feel that i cleverly am being altered that i slightly am becoming
something a little different, in fact
myself
Hereupon helpless i utter lilac shrieks and scarlet bellowings.

XXVI

the waddling
madam star
taps
taps. "ready girls", the

unspontaneous streets
make bright their eyes
a

blind irisher fiddles a

scotch jig in a stinking
joyman bar
a cockney is
buying whiskies for a turk

a waiter intones:bloo-moo-n
sirkusricky
platzburg
hoppytoad yesmam. the

furious taximan
p(ee)ps
on his whistle somebody
says here's luck

somebody else says down the hatch
the nigger smiles
the jew stands
beside his teddy-bears

the sailor shuffles the
night with fucking eyes
the great black preacher gargles jesus
the aesthete indulges

his soul for certain things which died
it is eighteen hundred
years...
exactly

under the window
under the window
under the window walk

the unburied feet of
the little ladies more than dead

XXVII

her
flesh
Came
at

meassandca V
ingint

oA

chute
i had cement for her,
merrily
we became each
other humped to tumbling

garble when
a
minute
pulled the sluice

emerging.

concrete

XXVIII

raise the shade
will youse dearie?
rain
wouldn't that

get yer goat but
we don't care do
we dearie we should
worry about the rain

huh
dearie?
yknow
i'm

sorry for awl the
poor girls that
gets up god
knows' when every

day of their
lives
aint you,
oo-oo. dearie

not so
hard dear

you're killing me

XXIX

somebody knew Lincoln somebody Xerxes

this man: a narrow thudding timeshaped face
plus innocuous winking hands, carefully
inhabits number 1 on something street

Spring comes
the lean and definite houses

are troubled. A sharp blue day
fills with peacefully leaping air
the minute mind of the world.
The lean and

definite houses are

troubled.in the sunset their chimneys converse
angrily,their
roofs are nervous with the soft furious
light,and while fire-escapes and
roofs and chimneys and while roofs and fire-escapes and
chimneys and while chimneys and fire-escapes
and roofs are talking rapidly all together there happens
Something,and They

cease(and
one by one are turned suddenly and softly
into irresponsible toys.)
when this man with

the brittle legs winces
swiftly out of number 1 someThing
street and trickles carefully into the park
sits

Down. pigeons circle
around and around and around the

irresponsible toys
circle wildly in the slow-ly-in creasing fragility
—Dogs
bark
children
play
-ing
Are

in the beautiful nonsense of twilight
and somebody Napoleon

POST IMPRESSIONS

I

windows go orange in the slowly.
town, night
featherly swifts
the
Dark on us
all;
stories told returned
gather
the

Again:who
danc ing
goes utter ly
churning

witty, twitters

upon Our

(ta-te-ta
in a parenthesis! said the moon

)

II

beyond the brittle towns asleep
i look where stealing needles of foam
in the last light

thread the creeping shores

as out of dumb strong hands infinite

the erect deep upon me
in the last light
pours its eyeless miles

the chattering sunset ludicrously
dies, i hear only tidewings

in the last light
twitching at the world

III

the moon is hiding in
her hair.
The
lily
of heaven
full of all dreams,
draws down.

cover her briefness in singing
close her with intricate faint birds
by daisies and twilights
Deepen her,

Recite
upon her
flesh
the rain's

pearls singly-whispering.

IV

riverly is a flower
gone softly by tomb

rosily gods whiten
befall saith rain

anguish
and dream-send is
hushed
in

moan-loll where
night gathers
morte carved smiles

cloud-gloss is at moon-cease
soon
verbal mist-flowers close
ghosts on prowl gorge

sly slim gods stare

V

any man is wonderful
and a formula
a bit of tobacco and gladness
plus little derricks of gesture

any skyscraper
bulges in the looseness of morning
but in twilight becomes
unutterably crisp

a thing,
which tightens
caught
in the hoisting light

any woman is smooth and ridiculous
a polite uproar of knuckling silent planes
a nudging bulb silkenly brutal
a devout flexion

VI

into the strenuous briefness
Life:
handorgans and April
darkness, friends

i charge laughing.
Into the hair-thin tints
of yellow dawn,
into the women-coloured twilight

i smilingly
glide. I
into the big vermilion departure

swim, sayingly;

(Do you think?)the
i do,world
is probably made
of roses & hello:

(of solongs and,ashes)

VII

at the head of this street a gasping organ is waving moth-eaten
tunes. a fattish hand turns the crank;the box spouts fairies,out
of it sour gnomes tumble clumsily,the little box is spilling ran-
cid elves upon neat sunlight into the flowerstricken air which is
filthy with agile swarming sonal creatures

-Children,stand with circular frightened faces glaring at the
shabby tiny smiling,man in whose hand the crank goes desperately,
round and round pointing to the queer monkey

(if you toss him a coin he will pick it cleverly from,the air and
stuff it seriously in,his minute pocket)Sometimes he does not
catch a piece of money and then his master will yell at him over
the music and jerk the little string and the monkey will sit,up,
and look at,you with his solemn blinky eyeswhichneversmile and
after he has caught a,penny or three,pennies he will be thrown a
peanut(which he will open skilfully with his,mouth carefully
holding,it,in his little toylike hand)and then he will stiff-ly
throw the shell away with a small bored gesture that makes the
children laugh.

But i don't, the crank goes round desperate elves and hopeless
gnomes and frantic fairies gush clumsily from the battered box
fattish and mysterious the flowerstricken sunlight is thickening
dizzily is reeling gently the street and the children and the mon-
keyandtheorgan and the man are dancing slowly are tottering up
and down in a trembly mist of atrocious melody....tiniest dead
tunes crawl upon my face my hair is lousy with mutilated singing
microscopic things in my ears scramble faintly tickling putres-
cent atomies,

and

i feel the jerk of the little string!the tiny
smiling shabby man is yelling over the music i understand him i
shove my round red hat back on my head i sit up and blink at you
with my solemn eyeswhichneversmile

yes,By god.

for i am they are pointing at the queer monkey with a little
oldish doll-like face and hairy arms like an ogre and rubbercolour-
ed hands and feet filled with quick fingers and a remarkable tail
which is allbyitself alive.(and he has a little red coat with i
have a real pocket in it and the round funny hat with a big feather
is tied under myhis chin.) that climbs and cries and runs and
floats like a toy on the end of a string

VIII

i was sitting in mcsorley's. outside it was New York and beautifully snowing.

Inside snug and evil. the slobbering walls filthily push witless creases of screaming warmth chuck pillows are noise funnily swallows swallowing revolvingly pompous a the swallowed mottle with smooth or a but of rapidly goes gobs the and of flecks of and a chatter sobbings intersect with which distinct disks of graceful oath,upsoarings the break on ceiling-flatness

the Bar.tinking luscious jigs dint of ripe silver with warmlyish wetflat splurging smells waltz the glush of squirting taps plus slush of foam knocked off and a faint piddle-of-drops she says I ploc spittle what the lands thaz me kid in no sir hopping sawdust you kiddo he's a palping wreaths of badly Yep cigars who jim him why gluey grins topple together eyes pout gestures stickily point made glints squinting who's a wink bum-nothing and money fuzzily mouths take big wobbly foot-steps every goggle cent of it get out ears dribbles soft right old feller belch the chap hic summere eh chuckles skulch....

and i was sitting in the din thinking drinking the ale,which never lets you grow old blinking at the low ceiling my being pleasantly was punctuated by the always retchings of a worthless lamp.

when With a minute terrif iceffort one dirty squeal of soiling light yanKing from bushy obscurity a bald greenish foetal head established It suddenly upon the huge neck around whose unwashed sonorous muscle the filth of a collar hung gently.

(spattered)by this instant of semiluminous nausea A vast wordless nondescript genie of trunk trickled firmly in to one exactly-mutilated ghost of a chair,

a;domeshaped interval of complete plasticity,shoulders,sprouted the extraordinary arms through an angle of ridiculous velocity commenting upon an unclean table,and,whose distended immense Both paws slowly loved a dinted mug

gone Darkness it was so near to me,i ask of shadow won't you have a drink?

(the eternal perpetual question)

Inside snugandevil. i was sitting in mcsorley's It,did not answer.
outside.(it was New York and beautifully,snowing....

IX

at the ferocious phenomenon of 5 o'clock i find myself gently decomposing in the mouth of New York. Between its supple financial teeth deliriously sprouting from complacent gums,a morsel prettily wanders buoyed on the murderous saliva of industry. the morsel is i.

drenches:earth's ugly)mind.
,Rinsing with exact death

the annual brain
 clotted with loosely voices
look
look. Skilfully

.fingered by(a parenthesis
the)pond on whoseswooning edge

black trees think

(hear little knives of flower
stopping sof a. Thick silence)

blacktreesthink

tiny,angels sharpen:themselves

(on
 air)
don't speak
 A white idea,

drenching. earth's brain detaches
clottingsand from a a nnual(ugliness
of)rinsed mind slowly:

from!the:A wending putrescence. a.of, loosely

;voices

XI

i am going to utter a tree,Nobody
shall stop me

but first
earth ,the reckless oral darkness
raging with thin impulse

i will have

a
 dream
 i
 think it shall be roses and
spring will bring her
worms rushing through loam.

(afterward i'll
climb
by tall careful muscles

into nervous and accurate silence....But first

you)

press easily
at first, it will be leaves
and a little harder
for roses
only a little harder

last we
on the groaning flame of neat huge
trudging kiss moistly climbing hideously with
large
minute
hips, 0

.press

worms rushing slowly through loam

CHIMNEYS

SONNETS—REALITIES

I

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls
are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds
(also, with the church's protestant blessings
daughters, unscented shapeless spirited)
they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead,
are invariably interested in so many things—
at the present writing one still finds
delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?
perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy
scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D
....the Cambridge ladies do not care, above
Cambridge if sometimes in its box of
sky lavender and cornerless, the
moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

II

when i am in Boston, i do not speak.
and i sit in the click of ivory balls....

noting flies, which jerk upon the weak
colour of table-cloths, the electric When
In Doubt Buy Of (but a roof hugs
whom)

as the august evening mauls
Kneeland, and a waiter cleverly lugs

indigestible honeycake to men

....one perfectly smooth coffee
tasting of hellas,i drink,or sometimes two
remarking cries of paklavah meeah.
(Very occasionally three.)
and i gaze on the cindercoloured little *META*
EAAHNIKON ENOAOXEION YIINOY

III

goodby Betty,don't remember me
pencil your eyes dear and have a good time
with the tall tight boys at Tabari'
s,keep your teeth snowy,stick to beer and lime,
wear dark,and where your meeting breasts are round
have roses darling,it's all i ask of you—
but that when light fails and this sweet profound
Paris moves with lovers,two and two
bound for themselves,when passionately dusk
brings softly down the perfume of the world
(and just as smaller stars begin to husk
heaven)you,you exactly paled and curled

with mystic lips take twilight where i know:
proving to Death that Love is so and so.

IV

ladies and gentlemen this little girl
with the good teeth and small important breasts
(is it the Frolic or the Century whirl?

one's memory indignantly protests)
this little dancer with the tightened eyes
crisp ogling shoulders and the ripe quite too
large lips always clenched faintly,wishes you
with all her fragile might to not surmise
she dreamed one afternoon

....or maybe read?

of a time when the beautiful most of her
(this here and This,do you get me?)
will maybe dance and maybe sing and be
absitively posolutely dead,
like Coney Island in winter

V

by god i want above fourteenth

fifth's deep purring biceps,the mystic screech
of Broadway,the trivial stink of rich

frail firm asinine life

(i pant

for what's below. the singer. Wall. i want
the perpendicular lips the insane teeth
the vertical grin

give me the Square in spring,
the little barbarous Greenwich perfumed fake

And most, the futile fooling labyrinth
where noisy colours stroll....and the Baboon

sniggering insipidities while. i sit, sipping
singular anisettes as. One opaque
big girl jiggles thickly hips to the kanoon

but Hassan chuckles seeing the Greeks breathe)

VI

when you rang at Dick Mid's Place
the madam was a bulb stuck in the door.
a fang of wincing gas showed how
hair, in two fists of shrill colour,
clutched the dull volume of her tumbling face
scribbled with a big grin. her sow-
eyes clicking mischief from thick lids.
the chunklike nose on which always the four
tablets of perspiration erectly sitting.
-If they knew you at Dick Mid's
the three trickling chins began to traipse
into the cheeks "eet smeestaire steevensun
kum een, dare ease Bet, an Leelee, an dee beeg wun"
her handless wrists did gooey severe shapes.

VII

a fragrant sag of fruit distinctly grouped.

I have not eaten peppers for a week.

On this street the houses immensely speak
(it is nine minutes past six)

the well-fed L's immaculate roar looped
straightens, into neatest distance....

A new curve of children gladly cricks
where a hurdy-gurdy accurately pants.

and pompous ancient jews obscurely twitch
through the bumping teem of Grand. a nudging froth
of faces clogs Second as Mrs. Somethingwich

(with flesh like an old toy balloon)

heavily swims to Strunsky's,

Monia's mouth
eats tangerines looking at the moon—

VIII

irreproachable ladies firmly lewd
on dangerous slabs of tilting din whose
mouths distinctly walk
your smiles accuse

the dusk with an untimid svelte subdued
magic
while in your eyes there lives
a green egyptian noise. ladies with whom time

feeds especially his immense lips

On whose deep nakedness death most believes,
perpetual girls marching to love

whose bodies kiss me with the square crime
of life....Cecile, the oval shove
of hiding pleasure. Alice, stinging quips
of flesh. Loretta, cut the comedy
kid...

Fran Mag Glad Dorothy

IX

nearer:breath of my breath:take not thy tingling
limbs from me:make my pain their crazy meal
letting thy tigers of smooth sweetness steal
slowly in dumb blossoms of new mingling:
deeper:blood of my blood:with upwardcringing
swiftness plunge these leopards of white dream
in the glad flesh of my fear:more neatly ream
this pith of darkness:carve an evilfringing
flower of madness on gritted lips
and on sprawled eyes squirming with light insane
chisel the killing flame that dizzily grips.

Querying greys between mouthed houses curl
thirstily. Dead stars stink. dawn. Inane,
the poetic carcass of a girl

X

when thou hast taken thy last applause, and when
the final curtain strikes the world away,
leaving to shadowy silence and dismay

mine also, little painted poem of god

wispish-agile feet with slid
steps parting the tousle of saxophonic brogue.

-beer nothing, the lady'll have a whiskey-sour-

whose least amazing smile is the most great
common divisor of unequal souls.

XIII

it started when Bill's chip let on to
the bulls he'd bumped a bloke back in fifteen.
Then she came toward him on her knees across the locked
room. he knocked her cold and beat it for Chicago.

Eddie was waiting for him, and they cleaned up a few
times—before she got the info
from a broad that knew Eddie in Topeka, went clean
daffy, and which was very silly hocked

the diamond he gave her. Bill was put wise
that she was coming with his kid inside her.
He laughed. She came. he gave her a shove
and asked Eddie did he care to ride her?
....She exactly lay, looking hunks of love

in The Chair he kept talking about eyes

XIV

she sits dropping on a caret of clenched arms
a delicately elephantine face
(It is necessary to find Hassan's Place
by tiny streets shrugging with colour)
the mouth who sits between her cheeks
utters a thud of scarlet. always. More
interesting, as i think, her charms
en repos....a fattish leg leaks
obscenely from the dress. one nipple tries.
playfully to peek into the belly
whose deep squirm nibbles. another couches,
weary, upon a flabby mattress of jelly....
than when to the kanoon she totters, slouches,
with giggling hips and frozen eyes

XV

unnoticed woman from whose kind large flesh

i turn to the cruel-littleness of cold
(when battling street-lamps fail upon the gold
dawn, where teeth of slowturning streets mesh

in a frieze of smoking Face Bluish-old

and choked pat of going soles on flat
pavements with icy cries of this and that
stumbling in gloom, bad laughers, smiles unbold)

also, tomorrow the daily papers will feature

Peace and Good Will, and Mary with one lung
extended to the pumping Child, and " 'Twas

the night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature
was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care in hopes that Saint Nicholas"

XVI

twentyseven bums give a prostitute the once
-over. fiftythree (and one would see if it could)

eyes say the breasts look very good:
firmly squirming with a slight bounce,

thirteen pants have a hunch

admit in threedimensional distress
these hips were made for Horizontal Business
(set on big legs nice to pinch

assiduously which just graze
each other). As the lady lazily struts
(her
thickish flesh superior to the genuine daze
of unmarketable excitation,

whose careless movements carefully scatter

pink propaganda of annihilation

XVII

of this wilting wall the colour drub
souring sunbeams, of a foetal fragrance
to rickety unclosed blinds inslants
peregrinate, a cigar-stub
disintegrates, above, underdrawers club
the faintly sweating air with pinkness,
one pale dog behind a slopcaked shrub
painstakingly utters a slippery mess,
a star sleepily, feebly, scratches the sore
of morning. But i am interested more
intricately in the delicate scorn
with which in a putrid window every day
almost leans a lady whose still-born
smile involves the comedy of decay,

XVIII

whereas by dark really released, the modern
flame of her indomitable body
uses a careful fierceness. Her lips study
my head gripping for a decision: burn
the terrific fingers which grapple and joke

on my passionate anatomy
oh yes! Large legs pinch, toes choke—
hair-thin strands of magic agony
....by day this lady in her limousine

oozes in fashionable traffic, just
a halfsmile (for society's sweet sake)
in the not too frail lips almost discussed;
between her and ourselves a nearly-opaque
perfume disinterestedly obscene.

XIX

my girl's tall with hard long eyes
as she stands, with her long hard hands keeping
silence on her dress, good for sleeping
is her long hard body filled with surprise
like a white shocking wire, when she smiles
a hard long smile it sometimes makes
gaily go clean through me tickling aches,
and the weak noise of her eyes easily files
my impatience to an edge—my girl's tall
and taut, with thin legs just like a vine
that's spent all of its life on a garden-wall,
and is going to die. When we grimly go to bed
with these legs she begins to heave and twine
about me, and to kiss my face and head.

XX

Dick Mid's large bluish face without eyebrows

sits in the kitchen nights and chews a two-bit
cigar

waiting for the bulls to pull his joint.
Jimmie was a dude. Dark hair and nice hands.

with a little eye that rolled and made its point

Jimmie's sister worked for Dick. And had some rows
over percent. The gang got shot up twice, it
operated in the hundred ands

All the chips would kid Jimmie to give them a kiss
but Jimmie lived regular. stewed three times a week.

and slept twice a week with a big toothless girl
in Yonkers.

Dick Mid's green large three teeth leak

smoke:remembering, two pink big lips curl....

how Jimmie was framed and got his

XXI

life boosts herself rapidly at me
through sagging debris of exploded day
the hulking perpendicular mammal a
grim epitome of chuckling flesh.
Weak thirsty fists of idiot futures bash

the bragging breasts,
 puppy-faces to mouth
her ugly nipples squirming in pretty wrath,
gums skidding on slippery udders

 she
lifts an impertinent puerperal face
and with astute fatuous swallowed eyes
smiles,
 one grin very distinctly wobbles
from the thinning lips me hugely which embrace.
as in the hairy notching of clenched thighs

a friendless dingy female frenzy bubbles

SONNETS-UNREALITIES

1

and what were roses. Perfume?for i do
forget....or mere Music mounting unsurely
twilight
but here were something more maturely
childish,more beautiful almost than you.

Yet if not flower,tell me softly who
be these haunters of dreams always demurely
halfsmiling from cool faces,moving purley
with muted step,yet somewhat proudly too—

are they not ladies,ladies of my dream
justly touching roses their fingers whitely
live by?
or better,
queens,queens laughing lightly
crowned with far colours,

thinking very much
of nothing and whom dawn loves most to touch
wishing by willows,bending upon streams?

II

when unto nights of autumn do complain
earth's ghasstlier trees by whom Time measured is
when frost to dance maketh the sagest pane
of littler huts with peerless fantasies
or the unlovely longness of the year

droops with things dead athwart the narrowing hours
and hope (by cold espoused unto fear)
in dreadful corners hideously cowers—

i do excuse me, love, do Death and Time

storms and rough cold, wind's menace and leaf's grieving:
from the impressed fingers of sublime
Memory, of that loveliness receiving
the image my proud heart cherished as fair.

(The child-head poised with the serious hair)

III

a connotation of infinity
sharpens the temporary splendor of this night

when souls which have forgot frivolity
in lowliness, noting the fatal flight
of worlds whereto this earth's a hurled dream

down eager avenues of lifelessness

consider for how much themselves shall gleam,
in the poised radiance of perpetualness.
When what's in velvet beyond doomed thought

is like a woman amorous to be known;
and man, whose here is always worse than naught,
feels the tremendous younger for his own—

on such a night the sea through her blind miles
of crumbling silence seriously smiles

IV

Thou in whose sword great story shine the deeds
of history her heroes, sounds the tread
of those vast armies of the marching dead,
with standards and the neighing of great steeds
moving to war across the smiling meads;
thou by whose page we break the precious bread
of dear communion with the past, and wed

to valor, battle with heroic breeds;

thou, Froissart, for that thou didst love the pen
while others wrote in steel, accept all praise
of after ages, and of hungering days
for whom the old glories move, the old trumpets cry;
who gavest as one of those immortal men
his life that his fair city might not die.

V

when my sensational moments are no more
unjoyously bullied of vilest mind

and sweet uncaring earth by thoughtful war
heaped wholly with high wilt of human rind—
when over hate has triumphed darkly love

[illegible]

do thou distinctly bring
thy footstep, and the rushing of thy deep

hair and the smiting smile didst love to use
in other days(drawing my Mes from sleep
whose stranger dreams thy strangeness must abuse....)

Time being not for us, purple roses were
sweeter to thee

perchance to me deeper.

VI

god gloats upon Her stunning flesh. Upon
the Teachings of Her green body among
unseen things, things obscene (Whose fingers young

the caving ages curiously con)

-but the lunge of Her hunger softly flung
over the gasping shores

leaves his smile wan,
and his blood stopped hears in the frail anon

the shovings and the lovings of Her tongue.

god Is The Sea. All terrors of his being
quake before this its hideous Work most old
Whose battening gesture prophecies a freeing

of ghostly chaos

in this dangerous night
through moaned space god worships God—

(behold!
where chaste stars writhe captured in brightening fright)

VII

O Thou to whom the musical white spring
offers her lily inextinguishable,
taught by thy tremulous grace bravely to fling

Implacable death's mysteriously sable
robe from her redolent shoulders,
Thou from whose
feet reincarnate song suddenly leaping
flameflung, mounts, inimitably to lose
herself where the wet stars softly are keeping

their exquisite dreams—O Love! upon thy dim
shrine of intangible commemoration,
(from whose faint close as some grave languorous hymn

pledged to illimitable dissipation
unhurried clouds of incense fleetly roll)

i spill my bright incalculable soul.

VIII

when the proficient poison of sure sleep
bereaves us of our slow tranquillities

and He without Whose favour nothing is
(being of men called Love) upward doth leap
from the mute hugeness of depriving deep,

with thunder of those hungering wings of His,

into the lucent and large signories
—i shall not smile beloved; i shall not weep:

when from the less-than-whiteness of thy face
(whose eyes inherit vacancy) will time
extract his inconsiderable doom,
when these thy lips beautifully embrace
nothing

and when thy bashful hands assume

silence beyond the mystery of rhyme

IX

this is the garden: colours come and go,

frail azures fluttering from night's outer wing
strong silent greens serenely lingering,
absolute lights like baths of golden snow.
This is the garden:pursed lips do blow
upon cool flutes within wide glooms,and sing
(of harps celestial to the quivering string)
invisible faces hauntingly and slow.

This is the garden. Time shall surely reap
and on Death's blade lie many a flower curled,
in other lands where other songs be sung;
yet stand They here enraptured,as among
the slow deep trees perpetual of sleep
some silver-fingered fountain steals the world.

X

it is at moments after i have dreamed
of the rare entertainment of your eyes,
when(being fool to fancy)i have deemed

with your peculiar mouth my heart made wise;
at moments when the glassy darkness holds

the genuine apparition of your smile
(it was through tears always)and silence moulds
such strangeness as was mine a little while;

moments when my once more illustrious arms
are filled with fascination,when my breast
wears the intolerant brightness of your charms:

one pierced moment whiter than the rest

—turning from the tremendous lie of sleep
i watch the roses of the day grow deep.

XI

it may not always be so;and i say
that if your lips,which i have loved,should touch
another's,and your dear strong fingers clutch
his heart,as mine in time not far away;
if on another's face your sweet hair lay
in such a silence as i know,or such
great writhing words as,uttering overmuch,
stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;

if this should be,i say if this should be—
you of my heart,send me a little word;

that i may go unto him,and take his hands,
saying,Accept all happiness from me.
Then shall i turn my face,and hear one bird
sing terribly afar in the lost lands.

XII

I have seen her a stealthily frail
flower walking with its fellows in the death
of light, against whose enormous curve of flesh
exactly cubes of tiny fragrance try;
i have watched certain petals rapidly wish
in the corners of her youth; whom, fiercely shy
and gently brutal, the prettiest wrath
of blossoms dishevelled made a pale
fracas upon the accurate moon....
Across the important gardens her body
will come toward me with its hurting sexual smell
of lilies.... beyond night's silken immense swoon
the moon is like a floating silver hell
a song of adolescent ivory.

XIII

if learned darkness from our searched world

should wrest the rare unwisdom of thy eyes,
and if thy hands flowers of silence curled

upon a wish, to rapture should surprise
my soul slowly which on thy beauty dreams
(proud through the cold perfect night whisperless

to mark, how that asleep whitely she seems

whose lips the whole of life almost do guess)

if god should send the morning; and before
my doubting window leaves softly to stir,
of thoughtful trees whom night hath pondered o'er
—and frailties of dimension to occur

about us
 and birds known, scarcely to sing

(heart, could we bear the marvel of this thing?)

XIV

who's most afraid of death? thou
 art of him
utterly afraid, i love of thee
(beloved) this

 and truly i would be
near when his scythe takes crisply the whim
of thy smoothness. and mark the fainting
murdered petals. with the caving stem.

But of all most would i be one of them

round the hurt heart which do so frailly cling....)
i who am but imperfect in my fear

Or with thy mind against my mind,to hear
nearing our hearts' irrevocable play—
through the mysterious high futile day

an enormous stride
 (and drawing thy mouth toward
my mouth,steer our lost bodies carefully downward)

XV

come nothing to my comparable soul
which with existence has conversed in vain,
O scrupulously take thy trivial toll,
for whose cool feet this frantic heart is fain;
try me with thy perfumes which have seduced
the mightier nostrils of the fervent dead,
feed with felicities me wormperused
by whom the hungering mouth of time is fed:
and if i like not what thou givest me
to him let me complain, whose seat is where
revolving planets struggle to be free
with the astounding everlasting air—
but if i like, i'll take between thy hands
what no man feels, no woman understands.

XVI

when citied day with the sonorous homes
of light swiftly sink in the sorrowful hour,
thy counted petals O tremendous flower
on whose huge heart prospecting darkness roams

torture my spirit with the exquisite froms
and whithers of existence,
as by shores
soundless, the unspeaking watcher who adores

perceived sails whose mighty brightness dumbs
the utterance of his soul—so even i
wholly chained to a grave astonishment
feel in my being the delirious smart

of thrilled ecstasy, where sea and sky
marry—

to know the white ship of thy heart
on frailer ports of costlier commerce bent

XVII

will suddenly trees leap from winter and will
the stabbing music of your white youth
wounded by my arms' bothness
(say a twilight lifting the fragile skill
of new leaves' voices, and sharp lips of spring
simply joining with the wonderless
city's sublime cheap distinct mouth)
do the exact human comely thing?
(or will the fleshless moments go and go
across this dirtied pane where softly preys
the grey and perpendicular Always—
or possibly there drift a pulseless blur
of paleness;
 'the unswift mouths of snow
insignificantly whisper....

XVIII

a wind has blown the rain away and blown
the sky away and all the leaves away,
and the trees stand. I think i too have known
autumn too long
 (and what have you to say,
wind wind wind—did you love somebody
and have you the petal of somewhere in your heart
pinched from dumb summer?
 O crazy daddy
of death dance cruelly for us and start
the last leaf whirling in the final brain
of air!) Let us as we have seen see
doom's integration..... a wind has blown the rain
away and the leaves and the sky and the
trees stand:
 the trees stand. The trees,
suddenly wait against the moon's face.

SONNETS—ACTUALITIES

I

when my love comes to see me it's
just a little like music, a
little more like curving colour (say

orange)

against silence, or darkness....

the coming of my love emits
a wonderful smell in my mind,

you should see when i turn to find
her how my least heart-beat becomes less.
And then all her beauty is a vise

whose stilling lips murder suddenly me,

but of my corpse the tool her smile makes something
suddenly luminous and precise

—and then we are I and She....

what is that the hurdy-gurdy's playing

II

it is funny, you will be dead some day.
By you the mouth hair eyes, and i mean
the unique and nervously obscene

need; it's funny. They will all be dead

knead of lustful hunched deeply to play
lips and stare the gross fuzzy-pash
—dead—and the dark gold delicately smash....
grass, and the stars, of my shoulder in stead.

It is a funny, thing. And you will be

and i and all the days and nights that matter
knocked by sun moon jabbed jerked with ecstasy
....tremble(not knowing how much better

than me will you like the rain's face and

the rich improbable hands of the Wind)

III

i have loved, let us see if that's all.
Bit into you as teeth, in the stone
of a musical fruit. My lips pleasantly groan
on your taste. Jumped the quick wall

of your smile into stupid gardens
if this were not enough(not really enough
pulled one before one the vague tough

exquisite

flowers,whom hardens
richly,darkness. On the whole
possibly have i loved....?you)
sheath before sheath

stripped to the Odour. (and here's what WhoEver will know
Had you as bite teeth;
i stood with you as a foal

stands but as the trees,lay,which grow

IV

the mind is its own beautiful prisoner.
Mine looked long at the sticky moon
opening in dusk her new wings

then decently hanged himself,one afternoon.

The last thing he saw was you
naked amid unnaked things,

your flesh,a succinct wandlike animal,
a little strolling with the futile purr
of blood;your sex squeaked like a billiard-cue
chalking itself,as not to make an error,
with twists spontaneously methodical.
He suddenly tasted worms windows and roses

he laughed,and closed his eyes as a girl closes
her left hand upon a mirror.

V

even a pencil has fear to
do the posed body luckily made
a pen is dreadfully afraid
of her of this of the smile's two
eyes....too,since the world's but
a piece of eminent fragility.
Well and when—Does susceptibility
imply perspicuity,or?

shut
up.

Seeing
seeing her is not
to something or to nothing as much as
being by her seen,which has got
nothing on something as i think

,did you ever hear a jazz
Band?

or unnoise men don't make soup who drink.

VI

let's live suddenly without thinking

under honest trees,

a stream
 does.the brain of cleverly-crinkling
 -water pursues the angry dream
 of the shore. By midnight,

scratches the skin of the organised hills

an edged nothing begins to prune

let's live like the light that kills
and let's as silence,

because Whirl's after all:
(after me)love, and after you.

I occasionally feel vague how
vague i don't know tenuous Now-
spears and The Then-arrows making do
our mouths something red, something tall

VII

yours is the music for no instrument
yours the preposterous colour unbeheld

—mine the unbought contemptuous intent
till this our flesh merely shall be excelled
by speaking flower

(if i have made songs

it does not greatly matter to the sun,
nor will rain care

cautiously who prolongs
unserious twilight)Shadows have begun

the hair's worm huge, ecstatic, rather....

yours are the poems i do not write.

In this at least we have got a bulge on death,
silence, and the keenly musical light

of sudden nothing....la bocca mia "he
kissed wholly trembling"

or so thought the lady.

VIII

fabulous against ,a,fathoming jelly
of vital futile huge light as she

does not stand-ing.unsits

her(wrist
performs a thundering trivial)it.y

protuberant through the room's skilful of thing
silent spits discrete lumps of noise....
furniture

unsolemnly :bur sting
the skinfull of Ludicrous,solidity which a. ,kissed
with is nearness.(peers:body of

aching toys
in unsmooth sexual luminosity spree.

-dear)the uncouthly Her.thuglike stare the
pollenizing vacancy
when,Thy patters?hands....is swig

it does who eye s0 neatly big

IX

by little accurate saints thickly which tread
the serene nervous light of paradise-
by angelfaces clustered like bright lice

about god's capable dull important head-
by on whom glories whisperingly impinge
(god's pretty mother)but may not confuse

the clever hair nor rout the young mouth whose
lips begin a smile exactly strange-
this painter should have loved my lady.
And by this throat a little suddenly lifted

in singing-hands fragile whom almost tire
the sleepshaped lilies-

should my lady's body
with these frail ladies dangerously respire:

impeccable girls in raiment laughter-gifted.

X

a thing most new complete fragile intense,
which wholly trembling memory undertakes
-your kiss,the little pushings of flesh,makes
my body sorry when the minute moon
is a remarkable splinter in the quick
of twilight

....or if sunset utters one
unhurried muscled huge chromatic

fist skilfully modeling silence
-to feel how through the stopped entire day
horribly and seriously thrills
the moment of enthusiastic space
is a little wonderful, and say
Perhaps her body touched me; and to face

suddenly the lighted living hills

XI

autumn is: that between there and here
gladness flays hideously hills.
It was in the spring of this very year

(a spring of wines women and window-sills)
i met that hideous gladness, per the face
-pinxit, who knows? Who knows? Some "allemand"....?
of Goethe, since exempt from heaven's grace,

in an engraving belonging to my friend.
Whom i salute, by what is dear to us;

and by a gestured city stilled in the framing
twilight of Spring.... and the dream of dreaming
-and i fall back, quietly amorous
of, through the autumn indisputably roaming

death's big rotten particular kiss.

XII

my love is building a building
around you, a frail slippery
house, a strong fragile house
(beginning at the singular beginning

of your smile) a skilful uncouth
prison, a precise clumsy
prison (building that and this into Thus,
Around the reckless magic of your mouth)

my love is building a magic, a discrete
tower of magic and (as i guess)

when Farmer Death (whom fairies hate) shall

crumble the mouth-flower fleet
He'll not my tower,
laborious, casual

where the surrounded smile
hangs

breathless

XIII

perhaps it is to feel strike
the silver fish of her nakedness
with fins sharply pleasant, my

youth has travelled toward her these years

or to snare the timid like
of her mind to my mind that i

am come by little countries to the yes

of her youth.

And if somebody hears
what i say—let him be pitiful:

because i've travelled all alone
through the forest of wonderful,
and that my feet have surely known
the furious ways and the peaceful,

and because she is beautiful

XIV

the ivory performing rose

of you, worn upon my mind
all night, quitting only in the unkind

dawn its muscle amorous

pricks with minute odour these gross
days

when i think of you and do not live:
and the empty twilight cannot grieve
nor the autumn, as i grieve, faint for your face

O stay with me slightly. or until

with neat obscure obvious hands

Time stuff the sincere stomach of each mill

of the ingenious gods. (i am punished.
They have stolen into recent lands
the flower

with their enormous fingers unwished

XV

my naked lady framed
in twilight is an accident

whose niceness betters easily the intent
of genius—

painting wholly feels ashamed
before this music, and poetry cannot
go near because perfectly fearful.

meanwhile these speak her wonderful
But i(having in my arms caught

the picture)hurry it slowly

to my mouth, taste the accurate demure
ferocious

rhythm of
precise
laziness. Eat the price

of an imaginable gesture

exact warm unholy

XVI

i have found what you are like
the rain,

(Who feathers frightened fields
with the superior dust-of-sleep. wielfs

easily the pale club of the wind
and swirled justly souls of flower strike

the air in utterable coolness

deeds of green thrilling light
newfragile yellows with thinned

-in the woods lurch and.press

which

stutter

and

sing

XVII

—GON splashes-sink
which is east eighth, a star of three annoys

me, but the stink of perfumed noise
fiercely mounts from the fireman's ball, i think

and also i think of you, getting mandolin-clink
mixed with your hair; feeling your knees

among the supercilious chimneys,
my nerves sumptuously wink
....and little-dusk has his toys to play with
windows-and-whispers,
(will BigMorning get away with
them?)'m'en doute,
chérie,j'm'en doute.

the accurate key to a palace

—You,—in this window sits a Face
(it is twilight)a Face playing on a flute

XVIII

my sonnet is A light goes on in
the toiletwindow, that's straightacross from
my window, night air bothered with a rustling din

sort of sublimated tom-tom
which quite outdoes the mandolin-

man's tiny racket. The horses sleep upstairs.
And you can see their ears. Ears win-

k, funny stable. In the morning they go out in pairs:
amazingly, one pair is white
(but you know that) they look at each other. Nudge.

(if they love each other, who cares?)
They pull the morning out of the night.

I am living with a mouse who shares

my meals with him, which is fair as i judge.

XIX

(the phonograph's voice like a keen spider skipping

quickly over patriotic swill.
The, negress, in the, rocker by the, curb, tipping

and tipping, the flocks of pigeons. And the skil-

ful loneliness, and the rather fat
man in bluish suspenders half-reading the
Evening Something
in the normal window. and a cat.

A cat waiting for god knows makes me

wonder if i'm alive(eye pries,

not open. Tail stirs.) And the fire-escapes—

eyeing, as with almost melancholy
delicacy night gargles windows.

XXII

utterly and amusingly i am pash
possibly because
.dusk and if it
perhaps drea-mingly Is(not-
quite trees hugging with the rash,

coherent light
)only to trace with
stiffening slow shrill eyes beyond a fit-
and-cling of stuffs the alert willing myth
of body,which will make oddly to strut
my indolent priceless smile,
until
this very frail enormous star(do you see
it?)and this shall dance upon the nude
and final silence and shall the
(i do but touch you)timid lewd
moon plunge skilfully into the hill.

XXIII

notice the convulsed orange inch of moon
perching on this silver minute of evening.

We'll choose the way to the forest—no offense
to you, white town whose spires softly dare.
Will take the houseless wisping rune
of road lazily carved on sharpening air.

Fields lying miraculous in violent silence
fill with microscopic withering
...(that's the Black People, chérie,
who live under stones.) Don't be afraid

and we will pass the simple ugliness
of exact tombs, where a large road crosses
and all the people are minutely dead.

Then you will slowly kiss me

XXIV

and this day it was Spring....us
drew lewdly the murmuring minute clumsy
smelloftheworld. We intricately
alive,cleaving the luminous stammer of bodies
(eagerly just not each other touch)seeking,some
street which easily tickles a brittle fuss
of fragile huge humanity....

Numb

thoughts,kicking in the rivers of our blood,miss
by how terrible inches speech—it

made you a little dizzy did the world's smell
(but i was thinking why the girl-and-bird
of you move....moves....and also,i'll admit-)

till,at the corner of Nothing and Something,we heard
a handorgan in twilight playing like hell

&

[AND]

To
E.O.

A

POST IMPRESSIONS

I

the wind is a Lady with
bright slender eyes(who

moves)at sunset
and who-touches-the
hills without any reason

(i have spoken with this
indubitable and green person "Are
You the wind?" "Yes" "why do you touch flowers
as if they were unalive,as

if They were ideas?" "because,sir
things which in my mind blossom will
stumble beneath a clumsiest disguise,appear
capable of fragility and indecision

-do not suppose these
without any reason and otherwise
roses and mountains
different from the i am who wanders

imminently across the renewed world"
to me said the)wind being A lady in a green
dress,who;touches:the fields
(at sunset)

II

Take for example this:

if to the colour of midnight
to a more than darkness(which
is myself and Paris and all
things)the bright
rain
occurs deeply,beautifully

and i(being at a window
in this midnight)
for no reason feel
deeply completely conscious of the rain or rather
Somebody who uses roofs and streets skilfully to make a
possible and beautiful sound:

if a(perhaps)clock strikes,in the alive
coolness,very faintly and
finally through altogether delicate gestures of rain

a colour comes,which is morning,0 do not wonder that

(just at the edge of day)i surely
make a millionth poem which will not wholly
miss you;or if i certainly create,lady,
one of the thousand selves who are your smile.

III

Paris;this April sunset completely utters
utters serenely silently a cathedral

before whose upward lean magnificent face
the streets turn young with rain,

spiral acres of bloated rose
coiled within cobalt miles of sky
yield to and heed
the mauve

of twilight(who slenderly descends,
daintily carrying in her eyes the dangerous first stars)
people move love hurry in a gently

arriving gloom and
see!(the new moon
fills abruptly with sudden silver
these torn pockets of lame and begging colour)while
there and here the lithe indolent prostitute
Night,argues

with certain houses

IV

I remark this beach has been used too. much Too. originally
spontaneous twurles-of-excrement inanely codified with superb
sunlight, jolts of delapidation bath-houses whose opened
withins ejaculate. obscenity the tide Did dles a, faded
explosion of, pink!stocking

w h e e saysthesea-brE aking-b Re akin g(brea)K ing

my Nose puts on sharp robes of uncouth odour, for an onion! for
one-onion for. putrescence is Cubical sliced-nicelybits
Of, shivers of crin Ging stink.dull, globular glows and
flat chatte ringarom a .s

-w hee e;

seasays Break snice-Ly in-twin K les Of, Clean

a booming smell waddles toward, me, dressed like a Plum grinning
softly, New focus-of disintegrat i o n ? my

mind laughs in- to Slivers of (unthinking.c'est

l'heure

exquise)i remind Me of HerThe delicate-swill tints of

hair Whose(the lit-tle m-oo-n' s o u t) flesh stalks
the Moment in my arms

your expression

my love

when most passionate.,

my, love

is that of a fly.pre cisel Yhalf

(squashe)d

with, its, little, solemn, entrails

V

my smallheaded pearshaped

lady in gluey twilight
moving, suddenly

is three animals. The
minute waist continually

with an African gesture

utters a frivolous intense half of
Girl which (like some

floating snake upon itself always and
slowly which upward certainly is pouring)emits
a pose
:to twitter wickedly

whereas the big and firm legs moving solemnly
like careful and furious and beautiful elephants

(mingled in whispering thickly smooth thighs
thinkingly)
remind me of Woman and

how between
her hips India is.

VI

of this sunset(which is so
filled with fear people bells)i
say your eyes can take
day away more softly horribly suddenly;

(of these two most
early stars wincing upon a single
colour,i know only that your hands
move more simply upon the evening

and à propos such light and shape as means
the moon,i somehow feel
your smile slightly is a more
minute adventure)

lady. The clumsy dark threatens(and i do
not speak nor think nor am aware
of anything

save that these houses bulge
like memories in one crooked street

of a mind peacefully and skilfully which is disappearing

VII

my eyes are fond of the east side
as i lie asleep my eyes go into Allen street the dark long cool tunnel
of raving colour,on either side the windows are packed with hardslippery
greens and helplessbaby blues and stic-ky chromes and pretty lemons and
virginal pinks and wealthy vermilion and breathless-scarlet,dark colours
like 'cellos keen fiddling colours colours cooler than harps colours
p r i c k i n g like piccolos thumpPing colours like a bangofpiano colours
which,are,the,flowery pluckings of a harpsichord colours of Pure percus-
sion colours-like-trumpets they(writhe they,struggleinweird chords of
humorous,fury heapingandsqueezing tum-bling-scratchingcrowd ingworming
each by screeching Each)on either side the street's Darkc00llongBody
windows,are. clenched. fistssoftint.

TUMTITUMTIDDLE

if sometimes my eyes stay at home
then my mouth will go out into the East side, my mouth goes to the peddlers,
to the peddlers of smooth, fruits of eager colours of the little, huddling
nuts and the bad candies my, mouth loves melons slitted with bright knives,
it stains itself, with currants and cherries it (swallow s bun ches of new
grapes like Gree n A r e b u b b l e s asc end-ing in the carts my, mouth
is, fond of tiny plums of tangerines and apples it will, Gorge indistinct
palish flesh of laZilytas tingg 00 seberries, it, loves these better than,
cub es and oval so of sweetness but it swallow) s greedily sugared ellipses it
does not disdain pickles, once, it, ate a scarlet pepper and my eyes were
buttoned with pain

THE BLACK CAT WITH

is there anything my ears love it's
to go into the east Side in a. dark street a hurDy gur dY with the queer
hopping ghosts of children. my, ears know the fuZZy tune that's played
by the Funny hand of the paralytic whose dod d e rin g partner wheEl
shi min chb yi nch along the whirling Peaceful furious street people
drop, coppers into, the little tin-cup His wrapped up body Queerly Has, my,
ears, go into Hassan's place the kanoon chir p ing the big twittering
zither-and the mealy, ladies dancing thickly foolish, with, the, tam, bou,
rine, s And the violin spitting squeaky songs into the cuspidor-col our-
ed Room and, my ears bend to the little silent hand organ propping the
curve of the tiny motheaten old man whose Beard rests. on the top whose
silly, Hand revolves, perfectly, slowly with, the handle of a crank in It
The L's roar tortures-pleasantly my ears it is, like the, Jab: of a dark
tool. With a clever jerK in it like the motion of a Sharp Knife-sN ap-
ping of fade ad f ish' shead Or, the whipping of a black Snake cu t Sudden ly
in 2 that, writhes... A.. lit. tle ora basket of Ripe Black beRRies emptied
suddenl y down the squirming sPine of the) unsuspecting street;

THE YELLOW EYES AND

-; i Like to
Lie On My Couch at Christopher Street For my stomach goes ont into The
east side my sex sitting upright on the stomach like A billiken with
hisknees hugged together it, goes out into the rapid hard women and
into the slow hot women my Stomach ruBSiTSElf kew-re-ous-ly a mong
Them (among their stomachs and their sexes) stomach so fold pe o ple Like
hideous vegetaBles weazEned with-being-put-too-long in windows and
never sold and couldn't-be-given-away because Who? wanted them, stom-
achs likE Dead fishe s s olemn and putrid vast, stomachs bLurting and
cHuckling like uninteresting-landscapes made interesting by earTHQuake
empty stomachs Clenche Dto the beautiful-curve of hunger, cHuBbY stomachs
which have not, known other stomachs and their Sex is a Lone ly, flower
whose secret loveliness hur. ts itse; l. f to no-thing signifi- cant
stomachs: Who carry-tadpole! s,, stomachs of little, girls smooth and use less
i, like, best, the, stomachs, of the young (girls silky and lewd) like corn
s l e n d e r l y tottering in sun-light

THE

nobody (knows and WhoEver would)? dance lewd dollies pretty and putrid
dollies of-love-and-of-death dollies of perfect life,

dollies of anyway
VIOLIN

VIII

suppose
Life is an old man carrying flowers on his head.

young death sits in a café
smiling, a piece of money held between
his thumb and first finger

(i say "will he buy flowers" to you
and "Death is young
life wears velvet trousers
life totters, life has a beard" i

say to you who are silent.—"Do you see
Life? he is there and here,
or that, or this
or nothing or an old man 3 thirds
asleep, on his head
flowers, always crying
to nobody something about les
roses les bluets

yes,
will He buy?
Les belles bottes—oh hear
, pas chères")

and my love slowly answered I think so. But
I think I see someone else

there is a lady, whose name is Afterwards
she is sitting beside young death, is slender;
likes flowers.

PORTRAITS

I

when the spent day begins to frail
(whose grave already three or two
young stars with spades of silver dig)

by beauty i declare to you

if what i am at one o'clock
to little lips (which have not sinned
in whose displeasure lives a kiss)
kneeling, your frequent mercy begs,

sharply believe me, wholly, well
—did (wisely suddenly into
a dangerous womb of cringing air)
the largest hour push deep his din

of wallowing male (shock beyond shock
blurted) strokes, vibrant with the purr
of echo pouring in a mesh
of following tone: did this and this

spire strike midnight (and did occur

bell beyond fiercely spurting bell
a jetted music splashing fresh
upon silence)i without fail

entered became and was these twin
imminent lisping bags of flesh;
became eyes moist lithe shuddering big,
the luminous laughter, and the legs

whereas, at twenty minutes to
one, i am this blueeyed Finn
emerging from a lovehouse who
buttons his coat against the wind

II

impossibly

motivated by midnight
the flyspecked abdominous female
indubitably tellurian
strolls

emitting minute grins

each an intaglio.
Nothing
has also carved upon her much

too white forehead a pair of
eyes which mutter thickly(as one merely
terrificolous American an instant doubts
the authenticity

of these antiquities—relaxing
elsewhere; to blow
incredible wampum

III

here is little Effie's head
whose brains are made of gingerbread
when the judgment day comes
God will find six crumbs

stooping by the coffinlid
waiting for something to rise
as the other somethings did—
you imagine His surprise

bellowing through the general noise
Where is Effie who was dead?
—to God in a tiny voice,
i am may the first crumb said

whereupon its fellow five
crumbs chuckled as if they were alive
and number two took up the song,
might i'm called and did no wrong

cried the third crumb,i am should
and this is my little sister could
with our big brother who is would
don't punish us for we were good;

and the last crumb with some shame
whispered unto God,my name
is must and with the others i've
been Effie who isn't alive

just imagine it I say
God amid a monstrous din
watch your step and follow me
stooping by Effie's little,in

(want a match or can you see?)
which the six subjunctive crumbs
twitch like mutilated thumbs:
picture His peering biggest whey

coloured face on which a frown
puzzles,but I know the way—
(nervously Whose eyes approve
the blessed while His ears are crammed

with the strenous music of
the innumerable capering damned)
—staring wildly up and down
and here we are now judgment day

cross the threshold have no dread
lift the sheet back in this way.
here is little Effie's head
whose brains are made of gingerbread

N

&:SEVEN POEMS

I

i will be
M o v i n g i n t h e S t r e e t o f h e r

bodyfee l i n g a r o u n d M e t h e t r a f f i c o f
lovely;muscles-sinke x p i r i n g S
uddenl

Y t o t o u c h
t h e c u r v e d s h i p o f

Her-
...kiss her: hands
will play on, me as
dead tunes OR s-crap p-y lea Ves flute ring
from Hideous trees or

Maybe Mandolins
look-
pigeons fly ing and

wheel: are, SpRiN, k, LiNg an in-stant with sunLight
then) l-
ing all go Black wh-eel-ing

oh
ver
myVeRy litTle

street
where
you will come,

at twi li ght
s(oon & there's
a m OO
)n.

II

i'll tell you a dream i had once i was away up in the sky Blue, everything:
a bar the bar was made of brass hangIng from strings (or) someThing i was
lying on the bar it was cOOl i didn't have anything on and I was hot all
Hot and the bar was

cOOl
O My lover,

there's just room for me in You
my stomach goes into your Little Stomach My legs are in your legs Your
arms
under me around; my head fits(my head) in your Brain-my, head's
big
she(said laughing
)with your head.all big

III

Spring is like a perhaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere) arranging
a window, into which people look(while
people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and a known thing here) and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a perhaps
Hand in a window
(carefully to
and fro moving New and
Old things, while
people stare carefully
moving a perhaps
fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air there) and

without breaking anything.

IV

Who
threw the silver dollar up into the tree?

I didn't said the little
lady who sews and grows every day paler-paler she sits sewing and grow-
ing and that's the truth,
who threw

the ripe melon into the tree? you
got me said the smoke who
runs the elevator but I bet two bits come seven come eleven mm make
the world safe for democracy it never fails and that's a fact,
who threw the
bunch of violets
into the tree? I dunno said the silver dog, with ripe
eyes and wagged his tail that's the god's own

and the moon kissed the little lady on her paler-paler face and said
never mind, you'll find
But the moon crept into the pink hand of the
smoke that shook the ivories
and she said said She Win and you won't be

sorry And The Moon came along-along to the waggy silver dog
and the moon came
and the Moon said into his Ripe Eyes

and the moon
Smiled

, so

V

gee i like to think of dead it means nearer because deeper firmer
since darker than little round water at one end of the well it's
too cool to be crooked and it's too firm to be hard but it's sharp
and thick and it loves, every old thing falls in rosebugs and
jackknives and kittens and pennies they all sit there looking at

each other having the fastest time because they've never met before

dead's more even than how many ways of sitting on your head your
unnatural hair has in the morning

dead's clever too like POF goes the alarm off and the little striker
having the best time tickling away everybody's brain so everybody
just puts out their finger and they stuff the poor thing all full
of fingers

dead has a smile like the nicest man you've never met who maybe winks
at you in a streetcar and you pretend you don't but really you do
see and you are My how glad he winked and hope he'll do it again

or if it talks about you somewhere behind your back it makes your neck
feel pleasant and stoopid and if dead says may i have this one and
was never introduced you say Yes because you know you want it to dance
with you and it wants to and it can dance and Whocares

dead's fine like hands do you see that water flowerpots in windows but
they live higher in their house than you so that's all you see but you
don't want to

dead's happy like the way underclothes All so differently solemn and
inti and sitting on one string

dead never says my dear, Time for your musiclesson and you like music
and to have somebody play who can but you know you never can and why
have to?

dead's nice like a dance where you danced simple hours and you take all
your prickly-clothes off and squeeze-into-largeness without one word and
you lie still as anything in largeness and this largeness begins to give
you, the dance all over again and you, feel all again all over the way men
you liked made you feel when they touched you (but that's not all) because
largeness tells you so you can feel what you made, men feel when, you
touched, them

dead's sorry like a thistlefluff-thing which goes landing away all by
himself on somebody's roof or something where who-ever-heard-of-
growing and nobody expects you to anyway

dead says come with me he says (and why ever not) into the round well and
see the kitten and the penny and the jackknife and the rosebug

and you
say Sure you say (like that) sure I'll come with you you say for i
like kittens i do and jackknives i do and pennies i do and rosebugs i do

VI

(one!)

the wisti-twisti barber
-pole is climbing

people high, up-in

tenements talk.in sawdust Voices

a:whispering drunkard passes

who knows if the moon's
a balloon, coming out of a keen city
in the sky—filled with pretty people?
(and if you and i should

than houses and steeples and clouds:
go sailing
away and away sailing into a keen
city which nobody's ever visited, where

D

SONNETS—REALITIES

1

grips in chuckles of supreme sex.

not. Again. Hush. God. Please hold. Tight

II

my strength becoming wistful in a glib
girl i consider her as a leaf
thinks
of the sky, my mind takes to nib
-bling, of her posture. (As an eye winks).

and almost i refrain from jumbling her
flesh whose casual mouth's coy rooting
dies also. (my loveFist in her knuckling

thighs,
 with a sharp indecent stir
unclenches

into fingers....she too is tired.
Not of me. The eyes which biggish loll

the hands' will tumbling into shall

—and Love 's a coach with guilt hopeless wheels mired
where sits rigidly her body's doll
gay exactly perishing sexual,

III

the dirty colours of her kiss have just
throttled
my seeing blood, her heart's chatter

riveted a weeping skyscraper

in me

i bite on the eyes' brittle crust
(only feeling the belly's merry thrust
Boost my huge passion like a business

and the Y her legs panting as they press

proffers its omelet of fluffy lust)
at six exactly

the alarm tore

two slits in her cheeks. A brain peered at the dawn.
she got up

with a gashing yellow yawn
and tottered to a glass bumping things.
she picked wearily something from the floor

Her hair was mussed, and she coughed while tying strings

IV

light cursed falling in a singular block

VI

the poem her belly marched through me as
one army. From her nostrils to her feet

she smelled of silence. The inspired cleat
of her glad leg pulled into a sole mass
my separate lusts
her hair was like a gas
evil to feel. Unwieldy....

the bloodbeat
in her fierce laziness tried to repeat
a trick of syncopation Europe has

-. One day i felt a mountain touch me where
i stood (maybe nine miles off). It was spring

sun-stirring. sweetly to the mangling air
muchness of buds mattered. a valley spilled
its tickling river in my eyes,

the killed
world wriggled like a twitched string.

VII

an amiable putrescence carpenters
the village of her mind bodily which
ravelling, to a proud continual stitch
of the unmitigated sistole

purrs
against my mind, the eyes' shuddering burrs
of light stick on my brain harder than can twitch
its terrors;

the, mouth's, swallowed, muscle(itch
of groping mucous) in my mouth occurs

homelessly. While grip Hips simply. well
fussed flesh does surely to mesh. New
and eager. wittily peels the. ploop.-00c h get:breath
once, all over, kid how, funny Do tell
....sweat, succeeds breathings stopped
to

hear, in darkness, water the lips of death

VIII

her careful distinct sex whose sharp lips comb
my mumbling grope of strength (staggered by the lug
of love)
sincerely greets, with an occult shrug
asking Through her Muteness will slowly roam
my dumbness?

her other, wet, warm

lips limp, across my bruising smile;
as rapidly upon the jiggled norm

of agony my grunting eyes pin tailored flames
Her being at this instant commits

an impenetrable transparency.
the harsh erecting breasts and uttering tits

punish my hug
presto!

the bright rille
of jovial hair extremely frames

the face in a hoop of grim ecstasy

IX

in making Marjorie god hurried
a boy's body on unsuspecting
legs of girl. his left hand quarried
the quartzlike face. his right slapped
the amusing big vital vicious
vegetable of her mouth.
Upon the whole he suddenly clapped
a tiny sunset of vermilion
-colour. Hair. he put between
her lips a moist mistake, whose fragrance hurls
me into tears, as the dusty new-
ness of her obsolete gaze begins to. lean....
a little against me, when for two
dollars I fill her hips with boys and girls

SONNETS—ACTUALITIES

I

before the fragile gradual throne of night
slowly when several stars are opening
one beyond one immaculate curving
cool treasures of silence
(slenderly wholly
rising, herself uprearing wholly slowly,

lean in the hips and her sails filled with dream-
when on a green brief gesture of twilight
trembles the imagined galleon of Spring)

somewhere unspeaking sits my life;the grim
clenched mind of me somewhere begins again,
shares the year's perfect agony. Waiting

(always)upon a fragile instant when

herself me(slowly,wholly me)will press
in the young lips unearthly slenderness

II

when i have thought of you somewhat too
much and am become perfectly and
simply Lustful....sense a gradual stir
of beginning muscle,and what it will do
to me before shutting....understand
i love you....feel your suddenly body reach
for me with a speed of white speech

(the simple instant of perfect hunger
Yes)

how beautifully swims
the fooling world in my huge blood,
cracking brains A swiftlyenormous light
-and furiously puzzling through,prismatic,whims,
the chattering self perceives with hysterical fright

a comic tadpole wriggling in delicious mud

III

if i should sleep with a lady called death
get another man with firmer lips
to take your new mouth in his teeth
(hips pumping pleasure into hips).

Seeing how the limp huddling string
of your smile over his body squirms
kissingly,i will bring you every spring
handfuls of little normal worms.

Dress deftly your flesh in stupid stuffs,
phrase the immense weapon of your hair.
Understanding why his eye laughs,
i will bring you every year

something which is worth the whole,
an inch of nothing for your soul.

IV

upon the room's
 silence,i will sew
a nagging button of candlelight
(halfstooping to exactly kiss the trite
worm of her nakedness
 until it go
rapidly to bed:i will get in with
it,wisely,pester skilfully,teasing
its lips,absurd eyes,the hair). Creasing
its smoothness—and leave the bed agrin with
memories
 (this white worm and i who
love to feel what it will do
in my bullying fingers)
as for the candle,it'll
turn into a little curse
of wax. Something,distinct and. Amusing,brittle

V

 a blue woman with sticking out breasts hanging
clothes. On the line. not so old
for the mother of twelve undershirts(we are told
by is it Bishop Taylor who needs hanging
that marriage is a sure cure for masturbation).
 A dirty wind,twitches the,clothes which are clean
—this is twilight,
 a little puppy hopping between
skipping
 children
 (It is the consummation
of day,the hour)she says to me you big fool
she says i says to her i says Sally
i says
 the
 mmmoon,begins to,drool
softly,in the hot alley,
a nigger's voice feels curiously cool
(suddenly-Lights go!on,by schedule

VI

when you went away it was morning
(that is,big horses;light feeling up
streets;heels taking derbies (where?) a pup

hurriedly hunched over swill;one butting

trolley imposingly empty;snickering
shop doors unlocked by white-grub
faces) clothes in delicate hubbub

as you stood thinking of anything,

maybe the world....But i have wondered since
isn't it odd of you really to lie
a sharp agreeable flower between my

amused legs
kissing with little dints

of april,making the obscene shy
breasts tickle,laughing when i wilt and wince

VII

i like my body when it is with your
body. It is so quite new a thing.
Muscles better and nerves more.
i like your body. i like what it does,
i like its hows. i like to feel the spine
of your body and its bones,and the trembling
-firm-smooth ness and which i will
again and again and again
kiss, i like kissing this and that of you,
i like,slowly stroking the,shocking fuzz
of your electric fur,and what-is-it comes
over parting flesh....And eyes big love-crumbs,

and possibly i like the thrill

of under me you so quite new